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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME V, 1935-6

No. 1, October, 1935

From College to University ..... Sir ROBERT FALCONER 1
Samuel Butler: 1835-1902 ..... HERBERT DAVIS 21
The Noble Army of Martyrs in Huronia ..... PHILIP CHILD 37
Mathematical Matter ..... J. K. ROBERTSON 56
Sectionalism in Canada ..... JOHN STEVENSON 72
Lope de Vega: 1562-1635 ..... M. A. BUCHANAN 92
Philosophy in a World Crisis ..... HERBERT L. STEWART 105
The Light Reading of Dr. Johnson ..... FLORENCE A. SMITH 118

Reviews
Edith Wharton ..... JOSEPH WARREN BEACH 128
Milton and His Age ..... A. S. P. WOODHOUSE 130
Law and Custom in the British Commonwealth
E. C. S. WADE 139
Better Government Personnel ..... A. BRADY 144

No. 2, January, 1936

Peoples Without Space? ..... CHRISTOPHER C. ROBINSON 149
Giosue Carducci as a Romantic ..... MARIO PRAZ 176
The Theatre and the Social Confusion
MALCOLM MACKENZIE ROSS 197
James Wilson Morrice ..... DONALD W. BUCHANAN 216
Sophocles the Dramatist ..... E. T. OWEN 228
The Universities and the International Outlook
CARLETON STANLEY 251
Canada's Leading Poet: Stephan G. Stephansson (1853-1927)
WATSON KIRKCONNELL 263

Reviews
"For the People" ..... H. A. INNIS 278
Two Studies of Plato ..... R. D. MACLENNAN 287
Swift in Ireland ..... LOUIS A. LANDA 295
Archæological Excavation ..... LEROY WATERMAN 299

306431

No. 3, April, 1936

The Bible Text and Recent Discoveries
Sir Frederic Kenyon 303
Changing Quebec ..... Marius Barbeau 318
Is the Versailles Treaty Responsible?
Bernard Lande Cohen 334
Science and Culture ..... J. L. Synge 348

Letters in Canada: 1935
Introduction 359
Poetry ..... E. K. Brown 362
Fiction ..... E. K. Broadus 368
Drama ..... W. S. Milne 389
The Remaining Material 396
Lists of Publications ..... Alison Ewart 412

No. 4, July, 1936

The Tragic Fallacy, So-Called ..... Elmer Edgar Stoll 457
Sanctions—Abyssinia and After ..... P. E. Corbett 482
The Intellectuals in the Third Reich ..... H. Steinhauer 499
Symbolism and Poetry ..... Louis Cazamian 520
Willa Cather and the West ..... E. K. Brown 544
Purity and Propaganda in Art ..... A. F. B. Clark 567
The Self in Modern Thought ..... Rupert Lodge 583

Reviews
Makers of Science ..... G. S. Brett 605
Women and Fiction ..... M. M. Kirkwood 611
England in Transition ..... Edgar McInnis 614

FROM COLLEGE TO UNIVERSITY

SIR ROBERT FALCONER

THE past three-quarters of a century has been a period of swift dissolving views, one passing into the other so quickly that attention was usually fixed on the rapidity rather than on the magnitude of the changes. Occasionally, however, one takes a glance backward over a longer or shorter prospect, and then can realize how far the "hurrying years" have carried us. I hope that I may, without inducing the tedium which the ageing often inflict upon the younger by their reminiscences, be able to outline some of the academic movement which, during the last fifty years, I have observed more or less closely.

As has been frequently remarked, the educational tradition of English-speaking Canada was drawn from Britain, though it has also been influenced by ideas and customs from the United States, which, however, in their origin were often derived from the same source, or from France and Germany. When the foundations of this country were laid, the newcomers sought to preserve the manners and principles which they had learned in England, Scotland, or Ireland. In the Maritime Provinces, especially in Nova Scotia, the "old inhabitants," the English, the Scots, the Irish, and many Loyalists were settled in a small area, and they developed, undisturbed by further immigration from Europe or the United States, fixed and quite sharply defined types of character. But, happily for our present unity, in Upper Canada also during its formative period the origins of the population were generally similar to those of the Maritime Provinces, with the result that the ruling educational ideals of

306431

these two sections have not been very different from one another.

Any survey of our cultural development must take these backgrounds into account. Though distance may now somewhat blur the retrospect, general impressions handed down in families are on the whole trustworthy. My own ancestry is Scottish, from the earliest immigration into the Maritime Provinces, and Loyalist of a slightly later date. In families which were like-minded with ours, education and religion, twin causes, were held worthy of the highest ambition, and those who devoted themselves to them were deemed happy in their life's work. The genuine teacher was not content with providing his pupil with the rudimentary instruments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but was eager to extend his influence to the higher levels of mind and character. It would not be incorrect to say that in the opinion of our circle knowledge and virtue were the obverse and reverse sides of the coin, that the person must bear the stamp of both if he was to pass at full value in human society. But by knowledge was meant more than intellectual truth; it included an intuitive apprehension of spiritual ideals. Doubtless this conception came in direct line from the New Testament, in which "knowledge," *gnosis*, had this meaning. But this use of the word goes back much further than the Hellenistic age. "Knowledge, as understood by Socrates, has the closest possible relation to character. It is a certain overmastering principle or power that lays hold primarily of the intellect, but through the intellect of the entire personality, moulding or disciplining the will and the emotions into absolute union with itself, a principle from which courage, temperance, justice and every other virtue inevitably flow."*

*James Adam, *The Religious Teachers of Greece*, 1908, p. 329.

This view of knowledge accounted for our fathers' belief in doctrine. It is a mistake, commonly made, to say that their acceptance of dogmas was merely an intellectual assent and for the most part purely formal. Like the clear-cut leafless branches of trees springing from a mighty trunk, these dogmas did often appear sapless when outlined against a wintry soul, but, as I remember instruction in them, they were usually covered with the tender foliage of rich mysticism. The knowledge went far deeper than the formulae. With the doctrinal knowledge was combined an uncompromising, often indeed narrow, code of conduct. That the moral imperative had divine sanction was never doubted. Conscience was an authentic voice of God; but man was to be educated into habits of deciding correctly what was right and wrong. Strict ethical precepts were inculcated; in all true education not the least important element was the impartation of morals. Correct knowledge being so important for religion and virtue, it was necessary that there should be teachers of high intelligence and character. The truth was mysterious, and based on Scripture; the preacher was an "expositor of the Word," and was respected if he was "profound," even if he carried his hearers into depths beyond their ken. But the lay person also was to be educated to read the Scriptures. Each was supposed to have the right of private judgment, though as a matter of fact the interpretation by the individual of such difficult writings as the Bible was bound to follow, as a rule, the lines of doctrine laid down in the standards of the Church. The duty of reading the Scriptures for oneself was an excellent mental discipline; at its best, it became meditation upon the sublimest truths that can engage human thought, and it transformed the spirit.

As in Scotland, so in the Scottish circles of this sparsely

settled and poor land, it was held to be a primary public duty to make provision for the education of the people, since both religion and morals required an intelligent democracy. The common school and the college were accepted as the corner-stones of that society. Both were to be provided by the state, and were to be open to all without creedal tests. Far from the madding crowd and long before the time of large cities, during the earlier half of the nineteenth century, the inhabitants of the provinces lived in small communities, and adhered to their own type of manners. Such as professed religion were under inhibitions as to conduct, some were mildly ascetic, and all were suspicious of novelty as being likely to lead not merely to change, but to deterioration of morals. Methodists and Baptists found excitement in periodic revivals of religion; but Presbyterians eschewed such emotion and reinforced a mystical faith by doctrine. Anglicans were supposed by the members of each other body to have less religion than themselves, and of them they were shy as being too dangerously compliant with the ways of the open world. Each of these circles struggled for the existence of its cultural and spiritual ideals. Where none had much of this world's goods to spare, all were little moved by differences in economic standards.

Anglicanism was potent in influence rather than in numerical strength. It brought from England the prestige of government and some of the culture of a dominant society. That culture was a growth from ancient times. The motto of William of Wykeham, "Manners maketh man," showed that Winchester was a genuinely English school. It signified that there was a way of life consecrated as good by authority, which was to be inculcated as the ideal of English manhood. The moral code was embodied in, and was transmitted by, cultured English

society. Long afterwards, Wordsworth prayed for England: "Give us manners, virtue, freedom, power." That society did not hold learning in chief esteem, not even polite letters, though many of the Church's leaders had been both learned and humanist. Education was, in accordance with the literal derivation of the word, a process of breeding. Men and women were to be trained to play their part where they had been to the manner born. Their manners and morals were distinguished by self-restraint, moderation, and fairness, supposed to be promoted by education in maxims of classical literature, and by certain Christian virtues enjoined in Scriptural precepts leading up to the great command, Fear God, honour the King. That this education produced admirable character, of great endurance, is shown by the place which to-day, notwithstanding all the disintegrating ideas of the past century, the English gentleman holds still in the cultivated society of the world. At his best he has been a practical idealist, in whom irreproachable integrity has been enriched with fine culture and charm; at his worst he is a dull man of the world, unable to understand others, though his stupidity is for the moment concealed in shreds of polite manners. Anglican culture was, within a restricted circle, a pleasing if self-satisfied manner of life. It looked up to none other, for it felt little lack; content with its own, it shrank from the vulgar. As for the common man, below the level of good birth and breeding, he had been put where he was by Divine Providence; there he should stay; there he would be happy if content with his lot; he was not to be educated above his station. The time of Democracy was not yet.

In Anglican culture the Established Church had been a formative influence. It had moulded the education of England in school and university. But there it had not

been generous in its use of power and high place; it had sought to restrict dissent by denying it the privileges of education. The Scottish Church, however, was not non-conformist; it was a National Church; it was confident, moreover, of possessing divine authorization for its own form of government. In the North American provinces the Anglican Church assumed a place above all others as of right. Conflict was inevitable. Eager to protect its traditions and culture, the Church set about founding its own colleges as fortresses on the borders of a wilderness. In imposing tests for entrance the leaders were actuated probably more by self-protective than by propagandist motives, but they certainly under-estimated the non-Anglicans' desire for education and their tenacity of purpose. A dispassionate observer to-day is able to make allowance for Anglican exclusiveness. It was not until 1871 that religious tests were abolished in the Oxford and Cambridge colleges. If colleges were, as the English leaders in Canada believed, the pillars on which society was to be upheld in the unsettled provinces, then seemingly being undermined by republicanism, the state should give them support. Otherwise their cultural and political ideals might collapse. Political aims, however, insinuated themselves into church convictions; partisan struggles were embittered by social antipathies; stubborn men would not understand one another, and it was not difficult to invent principles wherewith to cudgel opponents. When later, in Toronto, the secularization of the state college was effected, the same cry was raised as had been raised against University College, London: that it was godless.

By the nature of the case the Anglicans, who had more families of culture, were first in the field with proposals for colleges, and since the so-styled "dissenters" would not

expose their sons to their seductions, these set about establishing colleges of their own. The Scottish leaders advocated state secular institutions, though Queen's College in Kingston was founded, on the model of Edinburgh, by one branch of the Presbyterians. Methodists and Baptists, influenced not a little by American ideas, established their own institutions in both East and West. These denominational undertakings involved heroic efforts. Few of those who were earning a scanty living on the farm, in the forest, on the sea, or in the small shop, saw the value of a college; few of them sent their sons to it. But with the faithful the fervour of the appeal was effective; their sacrifice begot affection for the little college, and it became an emotional nucleus of loyalty to their church.

It is easy to-day to see the unfortunate legacy that these denominational antagonisms have left, especially in the Maritime Provinces. For all the stimulus that they gave to a type of cultural effort, they stood in the way of unified higher education being carried out for the people at large. The state found in denominational divisions an excellent excuse for doing little or nothing for it, and the British North American provinces lagged far behind their American neighbours, and remained indebted to them too long for advanced training in scholarship and the professions. American influence thus spread in wide circles, and the creation of a definite Canadian intellectual outlook was delayed.

The college cultivated more or less fruitfully the field of humane education. But, except in McGill University, there was no great school of medicine, and engineering was not taken into account. Science was not yet given the place that was coming to it, though Croft was a pioneer in Toronto, and Sir William Dawson, a few years later,

made Canada known in wide circles by his researches in geology and botany. For long the class-room lecture, with its prescribed text-book, was the ordinary method of teaching science, and it did not stimulate young minds to inquiry. Laboratory opportunities were very limited. I can well remember how formidable the requirement seemed to be, when I had to select subjects for the B.A. degree in London, that the candidate in botany or zoology must dissect typical forms of vegetable or animal life. That was as late as 1888. The faculty of arts was then almost synonymous with the college. We "went to college" for an education, and because it was the entrance to the learned professions, especially the ministry, teaching, and the law. Probably this expression originated in Scotland. There the college was really a "faculty," a body of doctors or masters who gave lectures to classes of students and then went back to their own homes. There was little fellowship among them in the pursuit of learning; they had few contacts with one another or with their students. But according to its original signification the college was a society of scholars incorporated in a university. Association in residence was usual, at any rate close fellowship in teaching and learning. This idea was preserved in the United States, as, for example, in Harvard, Yale, or Princeton Colleges. Also the residential factor was an important element in the King's Colleges in Windsor (Nova Scotia), Fredericton, and Toronto, and later in Trinity. But McGill, Dalhousie, Queen's, and, for the most part, University College, Toronto, were non-residential, approximating in this respect to the Scottish universities.

In these days of immense aggregations of students in faculties, the college as a fellowship of teachers and students, with at least a large residential centre, should

continue to flourish. It will foster desirable qualities of character, and offer the student closer contact with his fellow-students and his professors. As women have shown such eagerness for higher education, it seems probable that colleges for them, with residential facilities and some measure of separate teaching, will become increasingly popular. The admission of women to full privileges, which has come, in most universities, since I graduated, was easier into an arts faculty than into a men's college based mainly on its residence.

Even in the later eighties, there were, in the Scottish universities, seven fixed subjects for the arts degree, though political economy, geology, and fine arts were provided for, and the classes in them were attended by a few who were definitely interested in these subjects; history was in the faculty of law; botany and natural history were in the faculty of medicine. While in Canadian universities there was greater variety of subjects and latitude of choice, rigidity characterized the arts course for many years, partly because the teaching staffs were so small; but options slowly made their way in, together with a new degree in science. Now the common core in all varieties of the B.A. has come to be meagre.

In my boyhood I sometimes overheard in conversation that there were new ideas agitating the outside world. In fact fundamental change was not merely at the door, but was already over the threshold. Science was diffusing its transforming spirit everywhere. The middle of the nineteenth century saw a revolution in the universities of England. At the end of the eighteenth century Oxford was asleep. As Goldwin Smith wrote: "The subject matter of liberal education had not been revised for three centuries, and in that interval the classics, once the sole

depositories of all knowledge and culture, had sunk in value." Of the sister university the report of the University Royal Commission of 1922 said: "The growth of science at Cambridge since the era of the Royal Commission [1853] has been perhaps the greatest fact in the history of the University since its foundation. . . . In classics, history, modern languages, philosophy and economics the value set upon research, new thought and modern treatment is partly owing to their scientific environment." Intellectual life was stimulated to unprecedented interest. Even to literature a new approach was given. This vivifying spirit expressed itself in research, which every day removed, not without alarms and anxieties, veils from off the face of the mysterious unknown. Questions as to the origin of life created hypotheses that stirred the mind of even the average man.

The re-birth of intellectual life in Europe led, in the United States, to the expansion of some of the oldest colleges into universities, and the creation of others. Johns Hopkins was indicative of the new era, but Harvard was not far behind, and others followed rapidly. Also the state university had come into being some time previously, supported by the people out of public revenues and "without discrimination against trustee, president, professor, instructor or pupil on the ground of religious belief or affiliation." Though the American spring was later than the European, it came in with a rush, when hundreds of young Americans returned in the last quarter of the nineteenth century to take positions in the universities of their home-land.

Not least in theology was the effect of the new spirit felt. Seventy-five years ago church colleges were citadels of exclusive systems of belief. But the spirit of Science entered these fortresses, not without much

parleying with the warders, often after repeated refusals of admission. I always think of myself as having been singularly fortunate in the time I spent at the university, from 1885 to 1892. Science was wide awake; it was propounding knotty problems; an idealistic philosophy was wrestling with naturalism; Greek was being interpreted by a fine modern humanist; in theology there were some class-rooms in which the air was fresh and bracing. Both in Edinburgh and in Germany I was guided into a wonderfully attractive world by pioneers of the new spirit. What was then the method of the few has become to-day the practice of all scholars of any rank. In the magnitude of the change some have seen a decline of religious faith. I do not so interpret it. We have reached more clarified thought, a truer distinction between dogma and faith, between the Church as an institution and the religion which it propagates. It has been demonstrated, through the discovery and appreciation of historical facts, that the exclusive claims of churches to represent their Founder in the possession of peculiar dogmas or ordinances, are not based on truth; that what they hold in common is far more essential Christianity than what separates them. More than two generations ago, Bishop Lightfoot and Professor Hort, and a little later Professor Sanday, scholars of massive learning and remarkably open mind, were creating a new outlook in Britain, and they have had an unbroken line of able successors. The urbane and impartial reviews of theological publications, read by educated laymen in *The Times Literary Supplement*, for example, diffuse insensibly, among many in all the churches and others who have slender attachment to any, the conviction that religion is too fundamental to be narrowly exclusive, too vital to be made a stimulus to controversy. The scientific spirit need not disturb one's

affection for the church of one's inheritance, but it removes unhistorical prejudices, and thereby effects a kindlier feeling toward all who hold the Christian religion in sincerity and love.

In Canada the colleges of the churches were in time penetrated by this new spirit. As was natural, the social circles of the outside laity did not respond to it so quickly, the texture of their belief being inextricably interwoven with many non-religious strands. But in the colleges a more genial atmosphere prevailed, and sincere men now find it possible to work in fellowship with one another, while remaining true to their own character and convictions. The rise of the modern university made it easier for them to come together and share in the use of its equipment for scholarship and science, which it was beyond the power of each college singly to duplicate. A new university had come into being to house the insatiable spirit of a giant awakening in strength.

The march of Science in the last fifty years has been one of the most inspiring spectacles in the history of the human mind. He may be deemed happy who has had the privilege of observing closely its fascinating progress in a great university. The sub-dividing of departments has gone on apace: biology separated into zoology and botany, and these in turn into specialized parts; physical chemistry was added to the inorganic and organic divisions; physiology threw off bio-chemistry; physics, astro-physical, experimental, and mathematical, far outdistanced the old natural philosophy; archæology and ethnology now stand by themselves; psychology, hived off from philosophy, has turned experimental and deals in measurements; geography, a new science separate from geology, demands its own laboratory. These are out-

standing examples of scientific expansion, taken from the Faculty of Arts, as I have seen it in Toronto. But Science infused fresh vigour into non-laboratory disciplines also, and these have sent out new shoots: the classical scholar has been provided with additional textual material and apparatus; he knows much about the Cretan and the Mycenaean civilizations; and through the accumulation and sorting of finds he has almost transformed the view of the Hellenistic age: history has been re-written; economics has had to face unprecedented problems and to re-consider its theories.

On this rapid development of scientific departments there followed naturally a demand for the creation of a post-graduate faculty. The initial impulse for this seems to have come from Canadians who had studied in the United States or in Germany. Among them were some of the ablest of our graduates. They had caught the vision of scientific research at a time when the world had once again become young, and they came home eager that Canadian universities should have a share in this exploration into the realm of nature. They had good reason for their ambition, because they had not been put to shame when they had come into competition with graduates from older and more famous schools. But the proposals for a post-graduate faculty met with a luke-warm reception. There was in this a quite worthy motive. Professors of the highest standing, who themselves also were interested in research, were only too well aware of the shortcomings of their institutions in respect of both laboratories and libraries; they also felt the burden of under-graduate instruction which it was their primary duty to carry. They were, therefore, reluctant to offer advanced teaching which might have had the effect of keeping students at home, who should, if possible, be induced to take advan-

tage of the greater privileges afforded in the universities of the United States, Britain, or continental Europe. But there was another reason for hesitation. A real difference of opinion existed between the humanists and the scientists. The latter made it a requirement for the doctor's degree that the candidate should, in his thesis, have made some addition to knowledge, being confident that this was quite possible for the best students, if, having mastered the scientific method, they applied it diligently to problems of restricted range. Science advances on the accumulation, observation, and interpretation of a multitude of facts brought to light by an army of workers. Patience, accuracy, imagination in a young "researcher," if he has caught the spirit of Science, will enable him to make some respectable addition to knowledge; at least it will be an earnest of better things to come. The humanist, on the other hand, especially if he had drawn his ideals from the school of Oxford "Greats," held that the values to be won from the study of language, literature, philosophy, and history lay not in the acquisition of recently discovered facts and their interpretation, but in the understanding and appreciation of fundamental truths, in the comprehension once again by each student of transmitted knowledge and thought. Years of patient study lay ahead of the scholar before he could hope to interpret in true perspective the value of a new discovery. But archæology is perhaps bringing the humanist and the scientist more closely together Now they both work in post-graduate schools, and they agree that there is a real difference, both in maturity and in methods of study, between the under-graduate and the post-graduate, and that it is in this, rather than in the material of study, that the post-graduate faculty finds its *raison d'être.*

In the growing university, year after year, was re-

peated the demand for new laboratories and for extensions to old ones. The professional faculties, especially medicine and engineering, were constantly scrapping old apparatus and asking for new. In the primitive days, apocryphal of course, a personality at one end of a log and a student at the other were said to have been sufficient for an education; it is not so now. Men of science as well as students need laboratories with instruments and machines. All need an up-to-date library. As it is not the least essential, so it is one of the most expensive divisions of the university. New books, publications by the thousand, complete sets not only of standard but of rare issues must be acquired, and space be found for housing them, with arrangements for making them easily accessible to professors and students. Difficulties in the disposition of dying or dead books—and what librarian can make unchallengeable pronouncement as to their state?—must be surmounted. Along with the library goes the museum, equally requisite for the scientist, almost equally insistent for space. But if the problem of space presses upon the librarian and the keeper of the museum, that of finance is no less disturbing to the president.

A further demand of the scientific worker is for the publication by the university of periodicals in which to make known his discoveries or theories. As in the Renaissance of the sixteenth century the printer made possible and gave impetus to new knowledge, to-day university publications are a medium for its diffusion. Exchanges among the small groups of workers in any branch of learning throughout the world, carry recent knowledge and "guesses at truth" far and wide in the international commonwealth of science.

The modern Canadian university could not have been

brought into being, unless during the period of its rapid growth this country had added greatly to its wealth. This material enrichment was itself due to the application of science to industry, which filled the harbours of the world with a tide on which rode an abundant commerce. In Canada the concurrent development of her resources and manufactures was impressive. After Confederation, the country passed rapidly from the condition of scattered pioneer settlements, in which the people were, for the most part, poor and uncertain of their future, into a Dominion of promise, the provinces consolidating their traditions, the cities attracting the attention of the outside world. Comfort came to the average, wealth to not a few. Confidence in the future is still unabated, in spite of our railway and our wheat problems. Until the depression, provincial governments, from Ontario to British Columbia, made large grants annually to the universities. The action of the Ontario government in supporting the University of Toronto affords some indication of the rapid rise of wealth. In 1906 the Legislature accepted the recommendation of the University Commission, that the University should receive statutorily each year a sum equal to fifty per cent. of the average receipts from succession duties based on the preceding three years. But this amount increased so quickly that in 1914 the grant was limited to $500,000. Thereafter the additional amounts required for the carrying on of the work were voted annually in the House. During the same period generous private benefactions were made to the University, rivalling the support of the state, while the federated universities and colleges received at least proportionately great gifts. At the same time hospitals, used by the University for clinical purposes, the Museum, and the Art Gallery appealed successfully to wealthy

donors. This spirit of generosity towards public institutions, without the motive of loyalty which inspired supporters of church colleges in the former days, was due to the economic change which the country had undergone. A similar story might be told of McGill and other universities. Grateful mention should be made also of the large grants from the Carnegie Corporation and Foundation and the Rockefeller Foundation to Canadian institutions, to enable them to accomplish their educational ideals. Never, probably, has vast wealth been dispensed with more enlightened and broad-minded vision. But not only by money grants have our universities received benefit from these bodies; they are debtors to them also for the expert and unbiased manner in which they have investigated several difficult academic situations in the Maritime Provinces and in the West, to say nothing of their reports on problems of education at large. Such generosity is a factual proof that the Commonwealth of Learning is showing the world the way to a better co-operation than has yet appeared in the realms of economics or politics.

Great social change has resulted from Canada's material development. Hard work, thrift, intelligence taking advantage of opportunity have brought wealth, and with it public position and private standing, to many whose fathers came as immigrants to this land in search of a living. But this has always been the way of the world: He hath put down princes from their thrones, and exalted them of low degree. Too much wealth has been accumulated in the hands of a few, but we are still a genuine democracy, and there is great fluidity in the social strata.

Educational developments have followed on economic and social change; even greater, on the enlarging of the

range on which earlier Canadian life grew to its first stature. Tides of immigration, full and diverse, from most parts of Europe and from the United States, have overflowed the West, changed the population of cities in the East, and reached even long-settled districts, carrying the seeds of potent convictions and customs to germinate in different soils. Moreover, Canada is now one of the great thoroughfares of the world. An unceasing stream of visitors passes across the Dominion. Canadians, too, as they have become well-to-do, have taken to travel. But the most momentous of all influences has come from the War. It thrust several hundred thousand young men into an utterly strange environment, and gave a shock to inherited conduct and modes of thought. All this has borne hard on the parochial mind as it prevailed a generation ago. As Canada has become an integral part of the wider world, its traditional beliefs and its prejudices are undergoing ruthless intellectual scrutiny, and its manners and customs are being put to the test of endurance in competition with vastly different morals.

Nowhere have these changes been more felt than in the university. The thousands in attendance are of all sorts and conditions, no longer almost exclusively of the older stocks. Together they are played upon powerfully by modern ideas; but Canadians are not easily swept off their feet; they are amenable to reason and respond to generous instincts. The average student is no more of a philistine or a revolutionist than his English brother, nor does he estimate values, any more or any less than he, exclusively by material profit. It would not be highly conjectural to affirm that the number of those in Canadian universities touched to finer issues and sensitive to classical standards, is relatively smaller than in the British. But if

it is, the plea may be entered that much of the best energy of our people had to be spent on getting a living; also that, though there has always been a strain of idealism in them, they inherited little taste and have had scanty leisure for reflection. Fortunately we are not without mentors who act as useful gadflies in what they think is our sluggish gait.

In the process of levelling up, rather I am convinced than down, which goes on in a large university, the college, perhaps more than ever, has a function to perform. It represents an *ethos* based on religion, and is rooted deep in traditions. It may be for the relatively few, but its value is to be estimated by the quality of its education not by its numbers. If our civilization is to prosper, it must have a culture both of soul and of mind. In some measure the college helps to provide it; but the university must not leave this function to the college exclusively.

The university of the nineteenth century was representative of an era which seems to be now drawing to an end. It was dominated by the conception of material progress and was optimistic of indefinite expansion. The accumulation of riches was credited to science as its especial honour, though the discovery and removal of causes of disease and the partial amelioration of human living were acknowledged as being also its due. Now, we know that scientific method has not proved sufficient for the solution of the greatest problems of humanity. With all our getting we have not yet got understanding. Is the university, then, not called upon to do some serious thinking about its own ideals? Has it allowed its research to be dominated too much by a material end? Has it laid too little stress on human values in professional education? Has its educational method become analytic to the vanishing of constructiveness? Not that it should

cease to be critical; philosophy from of old has asked questions, but with a comprehensive end in view. Though I am confident that graduates are better able than non-university folk to address themselves efficiently and impartially to problems, I ask myself sometimes whether they are less self-centred in character. Do we know ourselves with the knowledge which Socrates enjoined: "a principle from which courage, temperance, justice and every other virtue inevitably flow"? The old college professed, at least, to fit men for their society. The university of the new age should endeavour to fulfil this function at a time when mankind is at a halt wondering whither its way should be.

SAMUEL BUTLER: 1835-1902

HERBERT DAVIS

IT is not quite proper to make the centenary of Samuel Butler's birth an occasion to do him honour. Not because in *Erewhon* it was customary not to touch upon such a painful subject, but because for Butler the date of a man's birth was much less important than the date of a man's death, when his real life begins. "A man should spend his life"—he wrote in his *Note Books*—"or, rather, does spend his life in being born. His life is his birth throes. . . . I could not keep myself going at all if I did not believe that I was likely to inherit a good average three-score years and ten of immortality." But he would be glad that we should make it an excuse to consider the maturity of his true self, the life which his work lives to-day, and the influence which he has so far exerted upon this century. For he was much concerned with the question of his permanent success, having failed to gain a hearing from his own generation. He felt that he could not hope to reach them, because it was his task to attack at the same time two principal sets of vested interests, the Church and Science, and because he valued his independence too highly to make any concessions to the leaders of the literary and academic world.

That, however, does not really explain why his books were not read. He was always most careful to observe the conventions, his tone was moderate and reasonable, he was no dangerous revolutionary, and he hated Radicals and Socialists. Why then, we may ask, was his fate so different from that of his disciple, Bernard Shaw, who complained, within a few months of Butler's death, that

in spite of all his railing at "the revival of tribal sooth-saying and idolatrous rites which Huxley called Science and mistook for an advance on the Pentateuch, no less than at the welter of ecclesiastical and professional humbug which saves the face of the stupid system of violence which we call Law and Industry," the respectable newspapers persisted in announcing "another book by this brilliant and thoughtful writer"?

In the first place, as Butler himself recognized, he lacked some of the qualities necessary for a popular writer; he had "more of perseverance than facility or readiness of resources." He was born at a time when the word "earnest" was coming into fashion, and he was not only at a disadvantage in having to appeal to a very earnest and solemn reading public, but he was himself not unaffected by that prevailing mood, some of his gayest and most irresponsible sallies being often the result of his determined efforts to cast out this evil spirit. It should not be forgotten that Butler's life almost exactly fits into the reign of Queen Victoria, and in many ways he was even more Victorian than the major prophets of his day. Even the circumstances of his life are conceivable at no other time. Born in a country vicarage, educated at Shrewsbury and Cambridge, and intended for ordination, Butler found himself unable to accept the doctrines of the Church of England with regard to Infant Baptism, and emigrated to New Zealand with a capital of about four thousand pounds. After five years of sheep-farming, having doubled his capital and invested it to bring a return of ten per cent., he returned to London at the age of twenty-eight to begin life again as a painter. Ten years later, conditions in New Zealand being less favourable, he was persuaded to invest his money in a company "for making extract from hemlock bark in

Canada, which was to pay at least sixty per cent. and revolutionise the leather trade." When it duly failed, he came to Montreal and spent more than a year trying to put in order the affairs of the Canada Tanning Extract Company. Perhaps Butler's lack of appreciation for this country may have been partly due to the fact that in certain legal proceedings in which his company was involved an attempt was made to set aside his evidence on the ground that he was an atheist. His only revenge was to write *A Psalm of Montreal*, which is unfortunately too long to quote; his view of Canadian life—of course sixty years ago—is, however, equally clear from the following retort, taken from the Festing Jones biography: "A man, a true Montrealler, told me he had a yearning to get away from civilization: I said we were all of us given to discontent and seldom knew when we had got what we wanted. He did not see it, and I did not mean that he should; but I felt better for having said it." After this Canadian episode he returned to his quarters in Clifford's Inn and remained there, except for his annual holidays in Italy, until his death.

In spite of these circumstances, and in spite of his opinions, he remained deeply rooted in the Anglican and middle-class conservatism in which he was brought up. It showed itself in his very appearance and in his character —in his old-fashioned politeness and kindliness of manner, in his benevolence as well as in his snobbishness, and not less markedly in his gentlemanly, amateur scholarship. Nevertheless he was of course different; he was—to borrow his own favourite terminology—a "sport," too unlike the parent stock to be a success in the world about him; he became a recluse, and felt himself separate from all the groups in literary and scientific society. He escaped from the bondage of the

Church, but he did not wish to overthrow it, and he refused to assist in disturbing its authority to put in its place the more dangerous prophets of the scientific and academic world. He began to imagine himself something of a social outcast, and enjoyed the anxious embarrassment of ecclesiastics and their families when they found him crossing the Channel with them, or the nervousness of his hostess, if on a rare occasion he was seen in the vicinity of some famous Darwinian. He always insisted that his early book *Erewhon* had been successful only because it had been published anonymously, and delighted to remember that the publishers, Chapman and Hall, to whom it had first been submitted had rejected it on the advice of their reader, George Meredith. He regarded it himself as a beginning and nothing more. He was then devoting all his energies to becoming a painter; it was not till 1877, when *Life and Habit* was finished and he began to spend his mornings in the British Museum Reading Room instead of in Heatherley's studio, that his literary life really began. For the next seven years he was either ignored or violently and scornfully attacked; after *Evolution Old and New* he was so unpopular that the *Athenaeum* and *Academy* both declined to announce his two next books. But after Darwin's death he felt that he was making way a little. In the spring of 1884 the *Athenaeum* reviewer of Romanes's *Mental Evolution in Animals* drew attention to the fact that though Butler's phrase "hereditary memory" was used and his theory discussed, his name was studiously avoided throughout the book. After this the Darwinians were more careful, and Grant Allen's *Darwin* contained a handsome acknowledgement of Butler's *Evolution Old and New*. But the circle of Butler's readers remained a very small one. His Italian travel-books gave him great pleasure and brought

him friends and a modest fame in Italy; and his later excursions into more special fields of literary research brought him some notoriety but not the criticism or consideration which he felt his discoveries deserved. He completely conquered his reviewers for the first time when *The Way of All Flesh* appeared a year after his death, but even then the public did not respond to their enthusiasm, and in spite of the advertisement Shaw gave to his work as a whole it was not until twenty years ago that his books began to sell widely. At last, in the years of the War, the generation arose for whom he had confidently waited. His posthumous life, like his life in the flesh, was at first one of struggle, but during the last twenty years has reached a sturdy vigour which promises him that modest immortality he had desired.

What then is his reputation and influence to-day, and how far must we revise his own estimate of his work, and that view of it which first brought him a wider popularity?

At first sight it would appear that Butler lives to-day only as a humorist and a wit, not like Addison and Lamb playing with the foibles and pleasanter vanities of social life, or exposing the inflated enthusiasms and absurdities of their friends, but like Voltaire and Swift satirizing the extravagances and anomalies of the current views in art and science, morality and religion, and like them revealing by the use of irony the ills that humanity is heir to. Even when he is engaged in controversies which have no longer any vital interest, his good sense, his eagerness in battering down falsehood and removing prejudice, his originality and wit, the clarity and force of his writing, bring back flames into the embers of forgotten fires. It is true that he handles the problem of Christian evidences in a manner already outdated by the historical and critical

researches of the more advanced theologians of his own day; and in his discussion of biological problems, though more in touch with the recent discoveries in that field, and building carefully upon the facts at his disposal, his theories have been rendered obsolete by the more specific investigations undertaken in this century. But that is hardly a sufficient reason to justify the specialists in still treating him just in the way he complained of when he was alive. In Mr. Wells's recent popular work, *The Science of Life*, his advisers did not think it necessary to make any mention of Butler at all in their account of the Darwinian controversies, even though their estimate of the importance of the work of Charles Darwin is very similar to that first insisted on against great opposition by Butler, and reiterated in all his books on the subject. Mr. Hogben, too, in his attack upon the Vitalists in *The Nature of Living Matter* dismisses him in a patronizing fashion thus: "Fruitful contributions need no longer be expected from those who combine the pursuit of literature with an amiable interest in natural history. The days of Butler and Bergson are passed." Butler's reply to the specialists of his own day in the Introduction to *Luck, or Cunning?* has not yet entirely lost its force:

> Firstly, it is said that I ought not to write about biology on the ground of my past career, which my critics declare to have been purely literary. I wish I might indulge a reasonable hope of one day becoming a literary man; the expression is not a good one, but there is no other in such common use, and this must excuse it; if a man can be properly called literary, he must have acquired the habit of reading accurately, thinking attentively, and expressing himself clearly. He must have endeavoured in all sorts of ways to enlarge the range of his sympathies so as to be able to put himself easily *en rapport* with those whom he is studying, and those whom he is addressing. If he cannot speak with tongues himself, he is

the interpreter of those who can—without whom they might as well be silent. I wish I could see more signs of literary culture among my scientific opponents; I should find their books much more easy and agreeable reading if I could; and then they tell me to satirise the follies and abuses of the age, just as if it was not this that I was doing in writing about themselves.

It is perhaps sufficient to refer to Butler's own account of his contributions to the literature of biology, which occurs in the same Introduction, and to admit that the chief value of his work lies in his vindication of the work of Buffon, Lamarck, and Dr. Erasmus Darwin, and in his attack upon the unwarranted theological assumptions made by Charles Darwin and his followers.

Butler was not a man of science, but a man of letters. He defines his position admirably in a letter to Robert Bridges, dated February 14, 1900: ". . . it is the business, practical side of literature and not the poetical and imaginative—I mean literature applied to the solving of some difficult problem which may be usefully solved—that alone fires me with hot desire to devour and imitate it. That, and the battering down of falsehood to the utmost of my poor ability." And, as is the fate of every real critic, he found himself dealing with the central problems of his time. It is not yet clearly enough recognized what a contribution he made in his own "literary" fashion to the discussion of two of them—the problem of consciousness and the critical examination of current standards of morality. I am aware that the specialists in these fields will be inclined to scoff at Butler's logic and common sense, and at the limits which he chose to set to all his explorations of these matters. But his caution and his good sense are none the less admirable, and may still serve to correct some current misapprehensions. For instance, his theory of consciousness as

developed in *Life and Habit* might well have comforted those who have been inclined to make a tragedy of the modern disease of consciousness, and tends at the same time to justify in part at least the later reaction against the conscious and rational life in favour of the unconscious and instinctive. For consciousness, Butler suggests, "would seem to belong to a period, so to speak, of twilight between the thick darkness of ignorance and the brilliancy of perfect knowledge; as colour which vanishes with extremes of light or shade. Perfect ignorance and perfect knowledge are alike unselfconscious." And unlike his intellectual and rationalist followers Butler was quite ready to accept the logical outcome of his theory and to emphasize the hideous effects of conscious intellectual activity, and to praise the beauty and grace of those whose knowledge "is unconscious, consisting of sense and instinct rather than of recognized knowledge." "Science," he continues, "is like offences. It must needs come, but woe unto that man through whom it comes; for there cannot be much beauty where there is consciousness of knowledge, and while knowledge is still new it must in the nature of things involve much consciousness."

Butler's simple, obvious theory spreads out innocently through the pages of *Life and Habit* and gathers up to itself many of his most profound and penetrating observations of man's varied ways of life. As an American admirer wrote, in a copy Butler found in a second-hand bookshop, "this book contains more truth, and less evidence of it, than any other I have met with." It is interesting to know that he began to write it while he was in Canada. Later, in *Unconscious Memory*, he recalls how one evening in June, 1874, on Montreal mountain, the beauty of the scene and the lovely sound of the bells

of Notre Dame led him to write in a manner not usual with him some sentences which were afterwards embedded unchanged in the argument of this book: "It is one against legion when a creature tries to differ from his own past selves. . . . His past selves are living in him at this moment with the accumulated life of centuries. 'Do this, this, this, which we too have done, and found our profit in it,' cry the souls of his forefathers within him. Faint are the far ones, coming and going as the sound of bells wafted on to a high mountain; loud and clear are the near ones, urgent as an alarm of fire." But Mr. Festing Jones, who does not usually make unwarranted suggestions, has noted a less romantic effect of Canada upon the book. He points out that it was finished at Piora in North Italy, and that "it was a result of comparing the kind of people he met in Canada and elsewhere, who were under the law, with the kind of people he met in North Italy who were under grace" that prompted him to write:

> Grace! the old Pagan ideal whose charm even unlovely Paul could not withstand, but, as the legend tells us, his soul fainted within him, his heart misgave him, and, standing alone on the seashore at dusk, he "troubled deaf heaven with his bootless cries," his thin voice pleading for grace after the flesh.
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> The waves came in one after another, the sea-gulls cried together after their kind, the wind rustled among the dried canes upon the sandbanks, and there came a voice from heaven saying, "Let My grace be sufficient for thee." Whereon, failing of the thing itself, he stole the word and strove to crush its meaning to the measure of his own limitations. But the true grace, with her groves and high places, and troops of young men and maidens crowned with flowers, and singing of love and youth and wine—the true grace he drove out into the wilderness—high up, it may be, into Piora, and into such-like places. Happy they who harboured her in her ill report.

Once arrived at the position he takes up in *Life and Habit* Butler was clearly ready for an attack upon the current standards of Victorian morality. "Someone should do for morals," he remarks in *The Way of All Flesh*, "what that old Pecksniff Bacon has obtained the credit of having done for science." It is his greatest triumph that in that novel and in the *Note Books* as well as in the two *Erewhon* volumes he started work on that necessary task. It is in this field that Shaw was fully justified in pointing to Butler as the source of the freshest and most vital suggestions left to us at the beginning of this century to work their effect upon the literature and thought of the following decades.

To put it baldly, Butler introduces simply and without any reserve a biological standard as the only criterion in all matters of public and private morals. The problem is, of course, simplified for him because he maintains the attitude of a conservative individualist. He avoids ultimate difficulties by ignoring the larger political consequences, just as he refuses to concern himself with ultimate metaphysical questions. He permits himself only an occasional remark on the social order, such as this: "For property *is* robbery, but then, we are all robbers or would-be robbers together, and have found it essential to organize our thieving, as we have found it necessary to organize our lust and our revenge. Property, marriage, the law . . .;" and he is content simply to leave it as among those glaring anomalies which seemed to cause the Erewhonians no intellectual inconvenience. For the individual he suggests that the sense of pleasure is always a better guide than the sense of duty, and supports this on general biological principles: "All animals, except man, know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it—and they do enjoy it as much as

man and other circumstances will allow. He has spent his life best who has enjoyed it most; God will take care that we do not enjoy it any more than is good for us." Human beings as the highest form of animal life will attain their greatest perfection as a result of good breeding and by growing in a favourable environment: "If a man is to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, he must do so, not only as a little child, but as a little embryo, or rather as a little zoosperm." But that is not enough unless he can be saved from parental influence and the "sickly debilitating debauch" of a public school and university education: "A man first quarrels with his father about three-quarters of a year before he is born. It is then he insists on setting up a separate establishment; when this has been once agreed to, the more complete the separation for ever after the better for both." Good breeding, health, free unrestrained growth—these are to be desired: poverty, disease, restraint, and cruelty—these are to be avoided. Here is a very obvious, natural, uninspiring code of morality, very generally practised but little vaunted, now vindicated paradoxically and ironically, and triumphantly placed on a sound biological foundation. And out of that very ordinary soil came the strength of the reaction against Victorian morals and the many and varied movements of thought promising fullness of life to be enjoyed more and more abundantly. The very language of the twentieth century, from the slogans of advertisers to the imagery of poets, has been flooded with terms to express this profound, if superficial, biological attitude towards morality.

But, it may be asked, if Butler was the prophet of so popular a movement, why was he not recognized, why had he not at least a popular following? Was it because he himself had been so warped and twisted that he was

unable to achieve his own ideal? Or was it not rather, as he delights to remind us, that he himself was an intellectual, a high-brow, living entirely that unsatisfactory and imperfect life of mere conscious activity? He was neither artist nor prophet; he was essentially humorist and critic. His life, like Dr. Erasmus Darwin's, "was not one of Herculean effort, but, like the lives of all those organisms that are most likely to develop and transmit a useful modification, it was one of well-sustained activity; it was a long-continued keeping open of the windows of his own mind." He had indeed tried to be a farmer, a man of business, a painter, a musician, a writer—but he nowhere succeeded in getting beyond the struggle of conscious labour to the perfection of unconscious activity. He knew this and conscientiously warned his readers: "Above all things, let no unwary reader do me the injustice of believing in *me*. In that I write at all I am among the damned. If he must believe in anything, let him believe in the music of Handel, the painting of Giovanni Bellini, and in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians."

I fear that after all, as that passage indicates, Butler's closest associates in the posthumous life that he is now leading are not the brood of Shavians, Fabians, revolutionaries, and modernists, with whom he is usually connected, but the high-brows of Bloomsbury. It was indeed actually in Bloomsbury—in the Reading Room of the British Museum—that he did all his writing; it was on the edge of Bloomsbury—in Clifford's Inn—that he lived and composed his music; like its later inhabitants, he spent much of his time in walking over the countryside in the neighbourhood of London, in visiting art galleries and attending concerts, in visits to Italy to gather

material for travel-books and to investigate minute problems in the history of art and literature. The only difference that I can detect is that he preferred the language of Tottenham Court Road rather than the language of Bloomsbury. This impression is confirmed if we consider what were his activities in the later and happier years of his life, when after the death of his father he was entirely freed from any need to consider the financial success of his work. In 1888, he published *Ex Voto*, an account of the Sacro Monte at Varallo, with special reference to the work of Tabachetti. This was immediately followed by the appearance of his first cantata, *Narcissus*. Soon afterwards he began work with Festing Jones upon an oratorio, *Ulysses*, and was thus led to re-read Homer, and before long he found himself plunged into the task of translating the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* into English prose, and of tackling the problem of the authorship of the *Odyssey*. In the meantime the letters of his grandfather had come into his hands, and this would-be Melchisedec, this scorner of family sentiment was so fascinated by them that he set to work with the utmost devotion to produce *The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler*. His enthusiasm for these scholarly and academic pursuits is delightfully expressed in a letter, dated December 12, 1893, to a New Zealand friend, Colonel Lean:

> Nothing has ever interested me (except, of course, Handel) so much as this *Odyssey* business has done; it is far the finest piece of good fortune that ever happened to me, and I find it all the sweeter for the strong displeasure which it has aroused in academic circles. . . . my *Life and Memoirs of Dr. Butler* has stood lamentably on one side for some months. . . .
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> But how could I help it? When Fortune threw such a prize as the bringing back the *Odyssey* and its writer to their own home and people, what man with one spark of literary enthusiasm could

refrain from at once putting all else on one side? I have seldom felt more profoundly moved than when I brought Tabachetti back to Dinant in Belgium, where his very name was unknown, and restored that Titan to his home after an absence of 300 years [*Ex Voto*]; but that was a little thing in comparison with this.

Not content with this excursion into classical scholarship, he next turns to Shakespeare, the only other poet he recognized, and after learning all the *Sonnets* by heart, began to rearrange them in proper order and to edit them with an essay in which he attempts to prove that they were very early work. This, too, was undertaken not as a practical joke to anger the professional Shakespearean scholars, but with the utmost seriousness, as shown by a remark in his letter to Richard Garnett, dated December 15, 1899: "The history of literature is the history of the reversing of many a deeply-rooted opinion. I have not the smallest fear that my book will be lost sight of and I confidently believe and hope that time will bring many to my opinion." Finally, as if to settle the matter beyond all dispute, Butler proved his title to be regarded as essentially an intellectual and a high-brow by writing with the utmost facility in a few months a sequel to *Erewhon*, which contains the elements of a first-rate detective story.

This is the man who had written in his youth that "intellectual over-indulgence is one of the most insidious and disgraceful forms that excess can take." Nothing indeed could be more delightfully inconsistent than Butler's character and opinions and actions. The soul of kindliness and generosity in all his personal dealings, yet violent and unpleasant and unyielding as a public controversialist; scoffing at dons and friars and the high priests of science and all the ugliness of pioneering intellectual activity, yet himself concerned not so much

with the enjoyment of art and literature as with the business, practical side of it; seeing an ideal of vigour and fitness and grace in English farmers and Italian peasants and rich young men and barbarian "swells," yet remaining himself a queer, badly-dressed, eccentric bachelor—in fact, in his life as in his work a perfect humorist with a fully developed sense of irony.

He tried many times to paint a portrait of himself, and once at any rate he succeeded—in *The Way of All Flesh*, the novel which he wrote between 1872 and 1885, but which remained unpublished until after his death. It has many great qualities, it is full of good things, it is a valuable study of Victorian life, *etc.*, *etc.*, but above all it is a full-length study of Butler the humorist, made with real enjoyment of the subject. The sting of satire, the strength of malice are there, but they are almost lost in the gaiety of his humour and in the full sense of satisfaction with which he records and accepts his own experience of life. Even his sufferings at the hands of his good parents are finally made to serve the purpose of pure comedy. There is no bitterness left when Ernest, at the worst moment of a serious illness says: "There is only one thing which weighs upon me, I refer to my conduct to my father and mother. I have been much too good to them. I treated them much too considerately." Even his work (the books which were to him the most important thing in life—"they are, in fact, *me* much more than anything else"—) is here seen as part of the comedy, and serves him as material to make further sport for us. It is not that he questions its validity or the need which had driven him to his varied tasks. He had not set out to find things to write about; all his books had come to him and demanded to be written, clamouring like the children of the World of the Unborn to enter into

life. That is his only excuse for the crime of indulging to such excess in intellectual activity. He cannot repent and mend his ways, but he can at least enjoy himself by letting loose his humour and allowing it to indulge in ironical play with the works of Mr. Samuel Butler. He discusses gravely the qualities of *Erewhon*, his one successful book; he commends it for its Laodicean virtues, for its harmlessness and its innocence. He finds in it "the courage alike of conviction and of an entire absence of conviction." "The conclusions were conservative, quietistic, comforting. The arguments by which they were reached were taken from the most advanced writers of the day. All that these people contended for was granted them, but the fruits of victory were for the most part handed over to those already in possession." His later work he contemplates with resignation as "a series of books, in which he insisted on saying things which no one else would say if they could, or could even if they would." And finally he uncovers the paradox which lies beneath all his work, proving it to be firmly and unshakeably fixed upon a solid foundation of inconsistency. "Having, in fact, after infinite vexation of spirit, arrived at a conclusion which cut at the roots of all knowledge, he settled contentedly down to the pursuit of knowledge, and has pursued it ever since in spite of occasional excursions into the regions of literature proper."

His irony here was prophetic. His reputation to-day does not rest so much upon the results of his patient pursuit of knowledge as upon his excursions into literature, wherein he and his attendant spirit tell the story of their strange adventures as they played their parts in the Victorian comedy.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS IN HURONIA

PHILIP CHILD

IT would be difficult to find in history a greater heroism than that of the Jesuits among the North American Indians, or one which more significantly reveals the power of religion to utilize through training and discipline the usually wasted possibilities of the human spirit.

Three centuries ago a small band of devoted men went forth from the thin settlements of Quebec to conquer what was still almost a fabulous expanse of unexplored forest and plain which the French thought of as the route to Cathay, or quite simply as the *pays d'en haut*, "the country up above." These men were not primarily explorers, nor were they military adventurers, nor did they want to conquer the continent for trade or for pioneer homesteads. They were subtle, cultured men, bearing in their minds the fruit of centuries of Christian civilization. They saw a vast continent sparsely inhabited by savages, and they dreamed of transplanting thither the driving force of their own civilization without its age-old weariness and sophistication. In America they saw the rare opportunity of a fresh start for their Church in virgin soil. The Indians they would turn from their Manitous and change to docile servants of God, untroubled by the white man's intellectual difficulties, and powerful in the simplicity of their faith. The white man who came to these shores they would select, instruct, guide, and supervise in a theocracy *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. . . . These zealous dreamers were the Jesuits. Leagues of sea separated them from the old world; leagues of forest separated them from the alien faiths of

New England and Virginia. Undaunted by the magnitude of their task, indifferent to the certainty of hardship and the possibility of martyrdom, they set forth with a will that was not theirs but God's, happy in the possession of a secure faith and an undivided mind.

Here, on the vast stage of the wilderness they were the protagonists of a drama in three acts, quintessentially human in its implications of tragedy. In the first act they dedicated themselves to their task, trained for it, and set forth into the wilderness; in the second act spiritual power struggled with pagan inertia and almost won; in the third act brutal physical force, erupting upon spiritual heroism, turned the drama into tragedy.

II

Let the man of our days, whose understanding is so much wider and so much shallower, follow in his imagination the first voyage of one of these single-minded Jesuits to the Huron Mission on the southern shore of Georgian Bay. There the missionary expects to remain, come what may, amid starvation, pestilence, physical danger, contempt, and worst of all, heart-breaking indifference, for years, perhaps for life. Ardently he will drink any cup of bitterness, and if it be his lot he is ready, indeed eager, for the crown of a martyr. He is a supremely happy man, for he has a task that will make use of him to the top of his bent, and in the value of which he believes with every fibre of his being; and in the quiet depths of his mind is a reserve of sure strength, untroubled by the storms which he well knows will come to him as to all men. In him is the meeting of the heart and the will; "a will of steel in a heart of fire" as Rochemonteix said of the Jesuit Le Jeune.

His going is the culmination of a long ambition. Perhaps, like Chaumonot he was once a poverty-stricken lad alone in the world, begging from door to door; perhaps like Brébeuf and Garnier he was nobly born, but whatever might be his early background, he has spent long years forging his character and learning many things in preparation for this day.

He and his fellow missionaries bribe the Hurons who have come down to the *côtes* of the St. Lawrence on their annual visit, to take them to Huronia. Bare-footed, clad in black cassock and wide black hat, rosary hanging from the waist, the new missionaries step into the frail canoes and paddle up the St. Lawrence, past the great cross on the hill that dominated the new wooden huts of Ville Marie de Montréal, past the rough-hewn church at the rapids above the village, the last vestige of civilization for wanderers setting forth to the *pays d'en haut.* Their dream is to transplant the Christian cathedral of beauty into the hearts of barbarous sordidness, *illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent*, and to hear the well-loved ritual sung by savages who have not as yet even a word for God.

They paddle up the Ottawa River, through Lake Nipissing, down French River, and along the shores of Georgian Bay. The whole journey takes a month if they are lucky and if no Algonquin tribe molests them. Their food is Indian corn crushed between stones and boiled in water "like paste used in papering the walls of houses." There are more than thirty portages where canoes and baggage must be carried over forest trails, and more than fifty times they must wade, bare-footed, alongside, pushing and pulling the canoes over the shallows. But this is merely physical labour, wearing out the body of the strongest to be sure, but a mere

nothing where there is a will for it. Soon the canoes disperse, and the black-robed figure in each canoe is for days thrown upon the devices of his own mind and the fellowship of his naked companions, of whose language he knows little or nothing and who are sometimes hostile and frequently contemptuous. The past is already remote; the future is uncertain, and the present encloses him with the monotony of long leagues of forest and water and of the same impenetrable savage faces and incalculable savage minds.

By day they toil to the limit of endurance, and they have scarcely a moment to read their breviaries even, except by the light of the moon or the bivouac fire. By night they sleep under the stars, "*sub Dio*" as one of them bravely remarks. The darkness brings silence except for the whirr of crickets, the lapping of waves, and perhaps the dreadful sound of wolves pulling down a deer somewhere in the forest. The loneliness of the wilderness closes down upon the human soul clad in a priestly cassock. Like the desert, out of which great religions have come through man's lonely communing with space and the stars, it pitilessly exacts sincerity. Lonely indeed would it be for the man who had not found his God. Yet though the wilderness is in one way strange to the Jesuit, in another way it is familiar; for he has long since discovered the wilderness of the soul —that man lives alone all his days except for his Maker. Let the future bring what it may, he knows that his courage will not be found wanting.

III

Here the curtain falls on the first act. The protagonist has entered the drama, and with wonder and not without envy we recognize him for the man he is. Between the

acts his character is worth pondering on. If we think of religion as a means by which a man, whatever may be his temperament, utilizes the extraordinary forces of his own spirit,—then what religion is the Jesuit's? What beliefs and what system of training have produced a character such as his? What is the "drive" behind his life?

Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, had been in his early years a soldier, and soldierly discipline is the backbone of the Society. The soldier gives up his freedom of action to the state; the Jesuit merges his in the will of his Society vested in his superiors. "In all things," wrote Ignatius, "except sin, I ought to do the will of my superior and not my own."

In the Jesuit system of education the free play of the intellect is subordinated to moral and spiritual education. For the Jesuit priest the most significant feature of his training and that which integrates his life is the remarkable series of *Spiritual Exercises* written by the founder in the intensity of his own religious experience. These the novice receives during a strict retreat. Through them by introspection, imaginative visualization, meditation, contemplation, prayer, and self-dedication, directed in definitely and carefully prepared channels to appeal to the heart and the mind of the individual, the novice is confirmed in a discipline that controls body, will, intellect, heart, soul, and inmost consciousness. He is made to feel imaginatively the very agony, mental, physical, and spiritual of Christ's Passion, and to bear indelibly on his heart (the metaphor is not too strong) for the rest of his life, the stigmata. Of the effect of this training a Roman Catholic has written:

> It builds up values in persons of right disposition by having them occupy themselves with these values intensively and exclusively,

so that God may have a chance to work in the soul under the most favourable conditions. On the foundation of the central value of God, it builds up progressively, orderly, sequentially, a unified comprehensive system of value complexes. It fixes them by repetition. . . . The whole plan reinforces a particular situation in moments of conflict and deliberation. The reserves, because of their organization, will undoubtedly be decisive. In any case, the chance for victory is in these reserves, and if the motives are isolated, there is ordinarily not much hope. It is this place of these reserves in a system that makes the tipping of the scale favourable to moral action.[1]

This Jesuit is not a "modern man;" agnosticism does not trouble him; he does not live in a welter of conflicting beliefs, nor does he dissipate his powers in a variety of aims. Through long training of the will, he has learnt to direct his spiritual energies towards a single goal, and, whatever his temperament may be, upon it he has built a character, that is to say a "will-life," similar to that of all the other members of his society. For him everything depends on one central belief. If he will enroll under the banner of the Jesuits he must believe quite simply in the words of Ignatius, that "man was created to praise, reverence, and serve God our Lord, and by this means to save his soul; and the other things on the face of the earth were created for man's sake, and in order to aid him in the prosecution of the end for which he was created." In this sentence is the Jesuit's justification and his power; the premise once granted and made central in his life, his devotion and fortitude follow.

Whence it follows [Ignatius continues] that man ought to make use of them just so far as they help him to attain his end, and that he ought to withdraw himself from them just so far as they hinder him. It is therefore necessary that we should make ourselves indifferent to all created things, in all that is left to our free-will, and

[1]Edward A. Fitzpatrick, *St. Ignatius and the Ratio Studiorum*, pp. 41 *ff.*

is not forbidden, in such sort that we do not for our part wish for health rather than sickness, for wealth rather than poverty, for honour rather than dishonour, for a long life rather than a short one, and so in all other things, desiring and choosing only that which leads us more directly to the end for which we were created.

As everyone knows, a zealot may be a source of danger as well as of good; certainly he is of the stuff that alters the world. The Jesuit has been accused of doing some harm in the world (though with unimpeachable motives); but at his best, given as he is here an unequivocal task beyond the powers of the unorientated soul, he reveals the highest qualities of the Catholic faith. His is the heart of St. Francis, the practical discipline of St. Ignatius, the single mind turned God-toward of St. Bernard. And his recompense is great. He is supported by an ample love, an ample hate: love of God, hatred of the devil. His God is very near and real to him, for he has seized Him not only with the soul and the intellect, but with the power of the five senses acting on the imagination.

IV

Such a pilgrim of eternity as the Jesuit, arriving at last in the Huron country more dead than alive, found himself in a strange world inconceivable to the imaginations of Europeans. "To old France," wrote a Jesuit, "we can well say with Abraham, in the sense that St. Ambrose gives to the words: *Inter vos et nos chaos magnum firmatum est.*" It must have seemed to the Jesuits that if they were close to God, they were very close to the devil too. It was not merely the rudeness and squalor of their surroundings which made them feel thus (they had known the rudeness of primitive beginnings among the Christian settlements on the St. Law-

rence). It was not merely the Huron huts constructed of bark and poles in the many movable settlements of the Huron country, in each of which six or seven families usually lived together, each family with its own dogs, children, food, and family gear tumbled in inextricable chaos about its own hearth fire so that for noise and confusion the interior must have seemed like the seven circles of hell in which birth, mating, sickness, and death raced by in a nightmare pageant without pretence or disguise, as grossly near as the dirt and smoke which saturated every nook and cranny. Nor was it merely that savage lives were in the words of Hobbes "nasty, brutish, and short," never free from the troublesome waves of this life in the form of periodic starvation, pestilence, and the pitiless warfare with the Iroquois.

To Jesuits, more pitiful and tragic than all this seemed the fact that here they found a cluster of human beings utterly devoid, apparently, of the larger hope and the *largior aether* of civilized man; these were human souls ruled by the whims of the devil, or rather of many devils. They did not look upon these villages with the curious, impersonal gaze of travellers. Here they were to live, these lives they hoped to share, these minds and souls they must learn to understand; for they had selected Huronia as the field of their main missionary effort.

Entering such a life they had need of all their stability and all their single-minded devotion to a purpose, for among the Indians they found neither the one nor the other. They found a people swayed by hysteria and supernatural materialism, to whom the most fantastic dreams seemed oracles that must be obeyed. If a man were sick it was because of some hidden, ungratified wish which, however fantastic, must be sought out by the

aid of dreams and divination and gratified at all costs; sometimes half the population of a village would join the sorcerers in dances, mystical "eat-all" feasts, and frenzied saturnalias of noise, whoopings, theft, and arson, in order to gratify some dream-wish of a sick man or to appease some sickness-devil. The Jesuits found a people who believed in a sentient world in which trees, sticks, stones, sky, the forces of nature, and living creatures were animated by spirits, malignant or benevolent, who must be propitiated and besought because they had magic power over the fate of men. Every Indian had his guardian spirit, revealed to him in a dream (a stone perhaps or a bit of fur from some animal), which he worshipped and carried about with him. In none of these spirits, not even in the vague conception of more powerful beings like the sun and the moon, *Jouskeha* and *Ataensic*, is there any connection between the idea of deity and the idea of moral good.

In the beginning the missionaries had built themselves a rough bark hut which served them as living quarters, store-room, and chapel; later their establishment increased. They slept on beds of bark or rush-mat, rose early to dedicate themselves to the day's work with some hours of study and religious devotion, then admitted the curious savages and tried to win their interest and respect with such white-man's devices as the hinged doors to the huts, magnifying glasses, and a clock which the Hurons called the "Captain of the Day." When the Captain uttered four bell-like notes he was saying, so the Jesuits informed the Indians, "Go out, go away that we may close the door." Thus at a regular hour they insured themselves a little privacy to study the difficult Huron language. In their talks with the savages they shrewdly planted the seeds of their pur-

pose. When the savages admired the clock and declared that those who made such marvels must be demons, the Jesuits, seeking to lead them to the idea of a benevolent deity, would retort: "The corn that you plant rots, and from its decay spring up such beautiful stalks and better ears. And yet you do not say, 'He who made so many beauties, and who every year displays before our eyes so many marvels, must be some benevolent *oki*, and some super-eminent intelligence.'" . . . But such philosophical arguments seldom pierced the stubborn materialism, the unreflective supernaturalism of savages whose highest thoughts on cosmology were merely a wilderness of myths without any systematic connection. To such propositions they usually gave an unreflective assent, "Good," they would say, or "That is true;" or they would answer "Yes" with the Huron word and inflection of voice that really means "No." If pressed, they would say with stubborn inaccessability to reason: "It is good for the French, but we are another people with different customs;" or when the folly of their own beliefs was ruthlessly brought home to them by the missionaries, they would exclaim: "Be silent, thou hast no sense; thou askest things which thou dost not know thyself."

Dealing with Indian minds was a bitter task for men accustomed to the subtle civilized play of intelligence upon intelligence. "Instead of being a great master and great theologian as in France," wrote Brébeuf, "you must reckon on being here a humble scholar, and then, good God! with what masters—women, little children and all the savages—and exposed to their laughter. The Huron language will be your Saint Thomas and your Aristotle, and clever man as you are and speaking glibly among learned and capable persons, you must make up

your mind to be for a long time mute among the Barbarians." "Small souls cry out a great deal," wrote Le Jeune, "and do very little, but one must be content with one's insignificance."

There remained other and better means of conversion,—through human fear and hope, through the sickness and misery of the Indians, and through the instruction of children whose minds were free and impressible. To every missionary who could speak a little Huron was assigned a number of huts in the villages as his cure of souls. The Jesuit would set forth in the morning and walk through the corn-fields where women worked between the charred stumps with hoes of wood and bone, and into the huts where "you will find . . . a miniature picture of hell,—seeing nothing ordinarily but fire and smoke, and on every side naked bodies, black and half roasted, mingled pell-mell with dogs which are held as dear as the children of the house, and share the beds, plates and food of their masters. Everything is in a cloud of dust, and . . . you will not reach the end of the cabin before you are completely befouled with soot, filth and dirt." Here they found the sick to whom, devoid of the ordinary hopes of life, they presented the Christian hope of eternal life.

Little by little, chary of baptizing for fear of backsliding, they formed a little group of converts. The dying they baptized when they could, sometimes, it is true, by stealth, sometimes by risking the resentment of the sick man's friends who suspected that the ritual might be some dark magic that would bewitch the patient. They gathered children about them, taught them to chant the *pater noster* in Huron, to repeat the *Ave* and the *Credo*, and the commandments, tempering the wind of doctrine to the shorn lamb. The adults were easier

to win than to hold in the faith. Kindness, patience, and understanding were as essential as single-minded devotion, and these qualities too the Jesuits possessed. Pestilence came to Huronia and at first many Indians turned to the Christian God for help, hoping that baptism might prove an infallible safeguard. Disillusion inevitably followed. Inevitably too the jealousy of the sorcerers among the savages was aroused; it did not take them long to discover that the Christian God was a jealous god who would have none of their religion. They set to work to undermine the influence of the priests and to whisper to the savages that the black-robes brought misfortune. For instance they talked of an imaginary cloak, poisoned by the French, which brought pestilence.

> I see plainly [one of the priests was told] that your god is angry with us because we will not believe and obey him. Ihonatiria, where you first taught his word, is entirely ruined. Then you came to Ossossané, and we would not listen; so Ossossané is ruined too. This year you have been all through our country, and found scarcely any who would do what God commands; therefore the pestilence is everywhere—my opinion is, that we ought to shut you out from all the houses and stop our ears when you speak of God, so that we cannot hear. Then we shall not be so guilty of rejecting the truth and he will not punish us so cruelly.

To the Jesuits all this was grim reality indeed. But beneath the wavering vicissitudes of the Indian's nature, scarcely stirred as yet by Christianity, lay a sinister strain which awoke at times to debaucheries of cruelty unknown to the worship of Baal and Ashtoroth. The apostle of peace, goodwill toward men was called upon to endure sights that not only shocked the soul but wrung the nerves to horror. More than once the Jesuits had to lie in mental anguish during the long watches of the night listening to the moans and screams of some enemy captured by the Hurons and to the jeers and

screechings of his tormentors as they wove about the doomed wretch, applying white-hot hatchets to naked flesh, now here, now there, contriving with infallible ingenuity to extract the last ounce of suffering before death intervened. "Come uncle, where do you prefer that I should burn you?" "As my uncle has kindly deigned to come and die among the Hurons, I must make him a present, I must give him a hatchet." At times, before his captors became intoxicated with cruelty, the wretch was treated with ironic gentleness. "Come, then, my nephew, be of good courage; prepare thyself for this evening, and do not allow thyself to be cast down through fear of the tortures." Unnamable sufferings were inflicted and after his death his body was consumed in a ritual feast. . . . Could such fiends indeed be men? the Jesuits must have wondered. And they themselves were helpless. "We are not masters here. . . . Superstitions and customs grown old and authorized by the lapse of so many centuries, are not easy to abolish. . . ." And yet they were not entirely helpless, for during the days and nights of torture they could talk to the prisoner of the Christian faith; they could urge him to say in his torture, "Jesus taïtenr" (Jesus, have pity on me); convinced of his conversion they could baptize him and having saved his soul all else, they deemed, was as nought. . . . A gentle spirit like the Jesuit L'Allemant, not gifted by nature with the virile endurance of a born fighter like his companion Brébeuf, may well have quailed in the flesh at such sights, thinking in his heart perhaps, "There some day I shall stand;" and yet in the same instant thinking of the longed-for martyr's crown.

The *chaos firmatum* between the old world and the new was not greater than the unbridgeable gap which even after months and years of experience and of

shared life, still existed between the mind and soul of the civilized priest and the mind and soul of the Indian, steeped in obstinate sluggishness, vanity, and superstition. The Jesuits felt sincerely that all men are brothers. But how tragically difficult it was to deal with a brother whose mind, given the same premises as a Christian mind, formed such incalculable conclusions from them.

The Jesuit comes to preach the one God. But the Indian believes in thousands of Gods from *Ataensic* and *Jouskeha* down to the spirit inhabiting the log of wood on which he stands in order to fish. The Jesuit would save the Indian's soul. What then is this soul? Is it *khiondhecwi*, that which merely animates the body and gives it life? Or is it that which possesses reason, *oki andaerandi*, "like a demon, counterfeiting a demon?" Or that which deliberates? Or that which a man is when he dreams? Or when he is awake? Or when he is dead? The Jesuit tells the Indian of heaven and hell and of immortal life. Heaven, the Indian retorts, "is a good place for the white man, but I wish to go where my relations and ancestors have gone." "I will go to hell if my children, as you say, are there." "*Ou ichien!* They will baptize us and then we shall not go where our ancestors and relations have gone; we will have to go with the French, and the Iroquois they have baptized will torture us." The Indian learns that if he would follow *Diou* he must change not only his beliefs but his customs. "What must we do that your God will take pity on us?"—"Believe in Him; keep His commandments; adjure your faith in dreams, take but one wife, and be true to her; give up your superstitious feasts; renounce your assemblies of debauchery; eat no human flesh; never give feasts to demons. . . ." It is like asking the leopard to change his spots. The Jesuit says to the

Indian: "You see us here, Brothers, among you, languishing rather than living; in ashes and smoke, half-naked, pierced with cold, dying of hunger and wretchedness. Remember now that we were born and educated in a country where all things abound. . . . It is your souls and not these woods, nor these rude cabins that have drawn us here." Thus, in complete sincerity speaks the missionary priest. But let us look at the white man's coming with the Indian's eyes. "It is *la prière* that kills us," says the Indian, "your books and your strings of beads have bewitched the country." "The white man [so goes a Huron legend] when he saw the wind blowing towards the Indian, unstoppered the bottle in which the smallpox was kept and let it loose." The Jesuit preaches the gospel of love. Must the Huron, then, love the Iroquois who has tortured to death so many of his friends and relations? And what of this Christian god called *Diou*? What is the use of a god who cares as much for one's enemies as for oneself? This is reasoning that might well break the heart of the staunchest missionary, and it is supported by bitter obstinacy. Psychologists know the tenacious vanity that covers an "inferiority complex." How can these savages, confronted by the white man's power and knowledge, have aught else but a sense of inferiority?

The "infernal wolf," as the Jesuits called the devil, was strong among the Indians. Still, it was not required of the Hurons that they should be philosophers. They were to be won less through the brain than the heart. Their rôle was to accept and to obey. It seemed for a time that despair at the inroads of the Iroquois might bring about a great wave of conversion. Savages came to the rough-hewn churches moved by fear of their enemies, or by curiosity, or by a vague hope, or because

the strange kindness of the black-robe to themselves and their children had touched them and in an unaccountable way forced open the doors of the soul to a different life. Leather-faced old women in frayed buckskin, and naked men, bodies glistening with grease and sunflower oil, stared with glittering eyes at the crucifix and vessels of shining metal, at the paintings of the Virgin and of Christ without a beard and looking full at beholders, at the picture of the Last Judgment with dragons and serpents feasting on the entrails of the wicked, whilst demons (who might have been Iroquois) scourged their bodies with flame, at the picture of a blessed soul in Paradise. The words of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, sung by Indians, echoed through the village and the forest. Or, during Mass, the strains of *O Salutaris Hostia* chanted in Huron—

Jesous ouio etti X'ichie
Ouio etti skuaalichi-axe
J chierche axerawensta
D'aotierti xeata-wien—

mounted to the sky, side by side with the neighbouring clamour of devil-worship led by a sorcerer who threw tobacco on red-hot stones, screaming "*Io sechougnac! Io sechougnac!*" In some of the Huron towns the Christians outnumbered the heathen.

V

But at this point the drama of Christianity among the Indians in which the Jesuit was the protagonist, turned to tragedy. In 1649 the Iroquois, those "Turks of the West," utterly destroyed the Huron settlements and scattered to the east and to the west the remnants of a broken people.

In the long run this disaster proved fatal to the Jesuits' purpose. It was on the stationary population of the Great Lakes, now destroyed by the Iroquois, that they had pinned their hopes, rather than on the wandering and dispersed Algonquin tribes, whose conversion could never bring about the widespread effect they desired. "A few years more," writes Parkman, "and Canada ceased to be a mission. Political and commercial interests gradually became ascendant and the story of Jesuit propagandism was interwoven with her civil and military annals."[2]

The missionaries had long lived intimately with the thought of death and now the martyr's crown they longed for (under God's will) was waiting for many of them. Garnier, shot through the body thrice, was finally struck down in the act of giving absolution to a dying Huron. Chabanel was murdered by a Huron who blamed the Faith for the ruin of his own race. Brébeuf and L'Allemant watched each other's torments at the stake. Brébeuf, the iron-willed Norman (of the race, it is said, of the English Earls of Arundel) perished without once having groaned or flinched; L'Allemant, strong in the spirit but weaker in the flesh than Brébeuf (he was constitutionally frail) offered his sufferings to Heaven as a sacrifice. Isaac Jogues went to the Iroquois, was hideously tortured but not unto death, escaped to France, then gladly returned to his eventual martyrdom. Facing his end, he wrote: "I shall depart in two or three days for the Iroquois journey. Still, for life, all in our Lord."

But more pitiful and baffling than the martyrdom of these and other individuals (which to them, and indeed to us too, was a victory over life and a triumph in death)

[2] *The Jesuits in North America*, p. 447.

was the martyrdom of a great hope to serve God, now destroyed by God's inscrutable purpose. That is tragedy indeed if the word has any meaning for human beings.

The historian Parkman will have it that the destruction of the Jesuit hope by the Iroquois meant the triumph of the English political system, of "liberty," over the French system of "absolutism." Perhaps he is right. But, in a human way, the matter goes far deeper. The Jesuit tragedy epitomizes the age-old problem of the ways of God to man. Here are a group of men dedicated to serving under God the highest purposes in their own souls. . . . If the Iroquois had not destroyed the Hurons, the Jesuit dream might well have become a reality. If the Hurons had not been destroyed, they would have been Christianized, they would have been at least partially civilized, they would have been distributed through the valleys of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi; these settlements, guided and ruled by priests (like the Jesuit settlement in Paraguay) would have been centres from which the Catholic Faith would have spread to the west throughout the continent. . . .[3] Such "ifs" ring through the history of religion.

When the curtain falls on this drama of Christianity in the wilderness, what *katharsis* of pity and terror and what reflections does the onlooker take away with him? He may reflect that man's best aims are precarious, defeated often by his own littleness and his ineluctable mistakes, and that the workings of deity are inscrutable. He may reflect, too, that this drama is symbolical of the persistent ebb and flow, in history, of spiritual energy. Waves of energy stirred up by little bands of men who in some way have gained a special insight into that which is good and beautiful and true, and in fact the

[3] *Cf.* Parkman, *The Jesuits in North America*, p. 447.

goal of evolution, sweep on for a time until at last they beat against the shore of time and inertia, then sink back to apathy. But some jetsam is always left upon the shore to be fashioned later by men in strange and unlooked-for ways. The Day of Creation is a long day.

Defeat, at least as the world knows defeat, was the Jesuit's ultimate portion in America. But viewed in another light, what seems defeat sometimes appears as a gain to mankind. When in 1768 the last of the Jesuit reports or *Relations* was written, and when shortly afterwards, the society was dissolved by the Pope for political reasons, something of the heroism and devotion of the Jesuit missionaries passed into the store of spiritual power which we need in order to cope with life, and which we call tradition. They did not discipline themselves merely for discipline's sake but for the sake of a belief greater than themselves. Theirs was not the courage of stolidity, nor was it the hopeless courage of desperation, it was sure and calm; it originated in a fundamental faith which made the heart and the will at one; rare conjunction! . . . The modern educated man who is heterodox in his religious convictions is unlikely to draw any dogmatic moral from the lives of these missionaries, except the obvious one—that the world cannot do without its inspired souls in the past. Whatever we may think of their faith, they are our significant proof that man, in order to use his powers to the full, must make some personal account with religion. If we trust with the mystics that a life of spiritual courage cannot be a mere sacrifice to oblivion, then we must believe that these brave men have enriched the air we breathe in Canada.

MATHEMATICAL MATTER

J. K. Robertson

I

THE nature of the ultimate structure of matter underlies most of the questions with which physics, or indeed any branch of natural science, has to deal. Neither the geologist with his rocks and fossils, nor the chemist with his compounds, nor the botanist with his plants can get away from matter. Life itself is associated with matter, and even such intangible entities as light and electricity do not manifest themselves except through matter. It is not surprising, therefore, that from times which almost antedate history, natural philosophers have sought to interpret, in terms of a few common constituents, all the various forms of matter. In this search philosophers were early led to the view that matter is discontinuous, is coarse-grained in structure, a view which culminated in the atomic theory of the nineteenth century.

According to this theory, as it was held by such famous physicists as Maxwell, atoms, uncuttable and indivisible, were "the foundation stones of the universe." They were the bricks with which Nature constructs her infinitely varied types of architecture. A piece of stone, a flower, man himself are but a collection of atoms. A few substances, some ninety-two in number, are built up entirely of the same kind of atoms. They are called *elements*. The vast majority of substances, however, are *compounds*, that is, they are combinations of two or more elements. The smallest part of a compound, called a *molecule*, except in rare cases, is a union of only a few atoms. A molecule of common salt, for example, con-

tains one atom of the element sodium and one of the element chlorine. So small are molecules that in a piece of salt the size of a small pin-head, there are a few thousand million million million of them.

With such a background the physicist of the nineteenth century had enormous success in explaining the natural phenomena which occur in the physical world. The pressure of a gas was shown to be nothing but the bombardment of the walls of the containing vessel by moving molecules; heat was but molecular motion. No man had ever seen an atom, for it was beyond the power of the most powerful microscope, but it was as real to the nineteenth-century professor of physics as the individual grains of sand on the sea-shore.

Toward the end of that century a radical change took place in the physicist's conception of the atom. Indeed, etymologically it ceased to be an atom at all, for it was shown that it had structure, that there were sub-atomic particles. As a result of researches dealing with the passage of electricity through gases, unmistakable evidence was provided of the existence of *electrons*, negatively charged particles so small that the mass of each is only about one two-thousandth of that of the atom of hydrogen, the lightest known substance. For the first time a *materia prima* was found, because the electron proved to be a common constituent of all atoms. About the same time the discovery of radioactivity provided additional evidence that the atom has structure. Certain elements have the remarkable property of spontaneously and continuously shooting off three kinds of rays: (1) *alpha* rays, positively charged particles four times as heavy as the hydrogen atom; (2) *beta* rays, negatively charged particles which are just high-speed electrons; and (3) *gamma* rays, an invisible kind of light very similar to

X-rays. Investigations in this field, notably by Lord Rutherford, showed that the emission of these rays is the result of an atomic explosion in the course of which an atom of one element changes into another, and led to a "picture" of the atom which in its essential features is accepted to-day.

The Rutherford atom, as it is sometimes called, consists of a positively charged core or *nucleus* accounting for practically the whole mass of the atom, surrounded by one or more electrons whose negative charge just neutralizes the positive charge on the core. In the case of hydrogen, there is but one electron and the nucleus with its single positive charge is called a *proton*. Helium, the next lightest element, has two electrons and its nucleus is nothing but the alpha particle shot off by radium. In the case of mercury, one of the heavier atoms, there are eighty electrons. So small are both nuclei and electrons that if an atom were enlarged to be the size of a balloon some sixty feet in diameter, the nucleus and each electron would have the size of a small pin-head. On this view the atom is a miniature solar system with the electrons revolving about the nucleus much as the planets revolve about the sun. The atomic theory reduces all matter to a pile of particles. We see that it is a very porous pile, tiny grains in a sea of empty void.

Even the nucleus of the atom cannot be considered to be either ultimate or indivisible. This must be true in the case of radioactive elements with their explosions and subsequent transformations. That it is also true for non-radioactive elements was first shown in 1919 when Rutherford bombarded nitrogen with alpha particles and changed nitrogen into oxygen. At the present time fascinating investigations are being carried out to obtain information about the nucleus by bombarding

nuclei with a variety of high-speed particles. Within a few years a wealth of information has been obtained and many important discoveries made. The list of "ultimate" particles has been extended to include the *neutron*, a particle with about the same mass as the proton but without any electrical charge; and the *positron*, a particle with about the same mass as an electron but bearing a positive, instead of a negative, charge. Throughout this work, in spite of the increasing complexity of the atom, belief in its existence has been strengthened rather than weakened. The atom may no longer be imperishable, but it is still an important brick in the building of the universe.

II

To appreciate properly the importance of current views about matter, it is necessary to understand something about light. Strangely enough the study of light, more than any other branch of physics, has been responsible for changes in our conceptions of matter. In Newton's time there were two theories regarding the nature of light. According to one a luminous body emits invisible but material particles which cause the sensation of light when they strike the eye. According to the other, light is a wave phenomenon, the waves being the result of vibrations in the luminous source. In the nineteenth century it was shown that light could be added to light and produce darkness, a fact which, with many others, can be explained only by a wave theory. Throughout that century experimental evidence in favour of this theory accumulated to such an extent that in 1889 Hertz, the famous German scientist, made the statement that "from the point of view of human beings, the wave theory is a certainty." Hertz was no

doubt strongly influenced by the evidence in support of Maxwell's electromagnetic theory of light. The English physicist had showed theoretically that light waves must be of the same nature as electrical waves, and subsequent experimental work by Hertz and others brilliantly confirmed his prediction. We now know that light rays, heat rays, ultra-violet rays, X-rays, gamma rays, electrical waves, radio waves, are all electromagnetic radiations which travel through space at the enormous speed of 186,000 miles a second. Differences in their properties arise solely from differences in the lengths of the waves.

If light waves are electrical in nature, they must have an electrical source. What is it? At once there comes to mind the picture which has been given of the Rutherford atom. An electron rapidly whirling about a nucleus seems just what is wanted as a generator of light waves. Moreover, according to all the familiar laws of mechanics and of electrodynamics of the nineteenth century, rotating electrons *should* send out electrical waves. But when physicists set out to deduce from these electronic motions in the atom observed laws of light, they could made no headway. Many of the simplest facts defied explanation. For example, according to these dynamical laws an electron rapidly rotating about a nucleus, as in the hydrogen atom, should radiate a continuous spectrum, that is, a wide unbroken band of colour. Actually the light emitted by radiating hydrogen atoms consists of a few narrow isolated portions of such a spectrum. Similar difficulties were met with at every turn. Nineteenth-century dynamics applied to the Rutherford atom completely failed to explain observed facts of radiation.

For a satisfactory explanation a totally new conception

was necessary. This was provided by Max Planck who, in 1900, solved a problem in radiation which for many years had baffled the keenest minds among world physicists. According to Planck, radiant energy is not emitted continuously at all, as nineteenth-century dynamics requires, but discontinuously, in little bundles called *quanta*. Although this idea of Planck's was a flat contradiction of certain nineteenth-century beliefs, his work did not, at the outset, startle the scientific world. Possibly one reason was the fact that the intermittency was at first confined to processes of emission and of absorption. Out beyond the source of radiation, the energy was still thought to spread out continuously in the form of waves. It soon became evident, however, and here the pioneer in new ideas was Einstein, that even in free space it is often necessary to think of light as concentrated in little bundles which are now called *photons*. If we compare a source of light to a machine-gun, the photons are the bullets which leave it. A photon, then, is a corpuscle or a particle of light; it possesses a quantum of energy, and it travels through space at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

Seldom has a new conception proved more fruitful than the quantum theory. A few years after its birth, the Danish physicist Bohr, by means of it and one or two new ideas of his own, was able to deduce very simply the spectrum of hydrogen, whose origin had previously defied all attempts at explanation. Still more striking was the application of quantum ideas to the phenomenon of photoelectricity. When light falls on certain metals, a stream of electrons is emitted—that is the meaning of photoelectricity. An electric current may be started by means of a beam of light or it may be stopped if the beam is intercepted. When the basic laws of this

phenomenon were investigated, scientists found among other things that an electron is pulled out of an atom by a beam of light just as easily when the source of light is a mile away as when it is distant only a foot. This is a very remarkable fact, for, if applicable to any kind of wave-motion, to water waves, for example, it would mean that a stone thrown into water could create as much disturbance at a distance of one mile as of one foot. We know that this is not true in the case of water waves, but the quantum theory tells us that it is possible with radiation, if radiant energy does not spread out like water waves but rather travels with its energy concentrated in corpuscles or photons.

In the twentieth century, therefore, there are many facts, notably those dealing with the emission and the absorption of radiation, which can be explained only by giving to light a corpuscular or particle nature.

This would seem to be a return to Newton's ideas, and in some respects it is. Newton's light corpuscles, however, were particles of matter subject to ordinary laws of mechanics, whereas photons are non-material. They exist only when travelling at 186,000 miles a second. Stop them and they completely disappear. Moreover, there still remain all those other facts, so prominent in the nineteenth century, which can be explained only in terms of waves. The fact is that light has a dual nature. It has a sort of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde existence. Sometimes it behaves like waves, sometimes like corpuscles or particles. But in science, apparent contradictions generally imply the lack of a larger outlook by means of which conflicting views may be shown to be but two different aspects of the same co-ordinating principle. The search for the something which will reconcile the apparently diverse views of light has been one of the

outstanding recent problems in physics. Success has been obtained, but not without introducing revolutionary ideas into our conceptions of matter.

III

The photon has another important property, which we have not yet stated. It possesses mass. Almost to the end of the nineteenth century mass was considered to be the unique possession of matter. Indeed, even to-day mass and matter are confused by many, who consider the one to be synonymous with the other. Mass, however, is a measure of the inertia of a piece of matter, of what we might call its laziness. The harder it is to set a body in motion, the greater is its mass. At one time the physicist had believed that the sum total in the universe both of matter and of mass was invariable, but gradually he learned to think otherwise. Before the nineteenth century was over, J. J. Thomson had shown theoretically that the mass of an electrified body should vary with its speed, that there is such a thing as electromagnetic mass. This deduction was verified experimentally by Kaufmann, who showed that the faster an electron moves the greater is its mass. It then became necessary to think of the same particle as having different masses under different conditions.

Still more revolutionary ideas about mass and matter follow from a law fomulated by Einstein. According to this law, which is one of the consequences of the theory of relativity, (1) an increase in the energy of a body represents an increase in its mass, and (2) every form of energy has an equivalent mass. One or two examples will illustrate the far-reaching possibilities of this law.

We have seen that the hydrogen atom consists of an electron and a proton. Helium has an atomic weight

nearly (but not quite) four times that of hydrogen, and there is good evidence for believing that the nucleus of the helium atom, that is, an alpha particle, contains four protons. But if the weight of four protons is taken, a number is obtained which is slightly greater than the weight of the helium nucleus. In other words, when four protons come together, their total weight, and hence also their total mass, is less than it was before the four united to form the alpha particle. What has become of the lost mass? According to Einstein's law, some of the mass disappeared because it was changed into an equivalent amount of energy.

Again, if we use this law to calculate the equivalent mass of the radiant energy emitted by the sun, we find that every minute the amount is 250 million tons, and astronomers tell us that this emission has been going on for millions and millions of years. How is the supply kept up? A possible answer is found in the annihilation of matter. The sun, it can with fairness be argued, has fewer atoms to-day than it had at the beginning of its career because a certain number gave up their lives to supply radiation. Under the conditions which exist in the sun, a proton and an electron may come together, embrace, and disappear in an act of self-immolation which is marked by a burst of radiant energy.

Now a photon undoubtedly represents a certain amount of energy. Hence, if Einstein's law is accepted, it must also possess mass. When the photon disappears as a result of absorption by matter, its mass is added to that of the absorbing material. A photographic plate, for example, after exposure to light has a slightly greater mass than before. Matter and radiant energy, therefore, have much in common. They each possess mass. Moreover, energy has a certain degree of atomicity and the

ultimate "particles," the photons, may disappear and give up their mass. Matter, too, has an atomicity, with atoms so complex that a whole array of ultimate particles are necessary—protons, electrons, positrons, neutrons do not exhaust the list—and these matter particles may also disappear giving birth to photons. Such is the position to which we have so far been led. Between tangible matter and intangible light a close connection has been found.

IV

In 1924 Prince Louis de Broglie made the suggestion that just as in light waves must sometimes be replaced by particles, so, too, ordinary matter must exhibit, when in motion, the properties of waves. This was no mere guess on his part, nor was it a desire to play with the antithesis of words, for it was based on sound physical ideas. It had long been known that there were two important principles, one in mechanics, the other in optics, which were expressed in the same mathematical form. A stone thrown into the air returns to the ground by following a path which enables it to make the journey in the least possible time; and a ray of light, whether reflected or refracted, travels from one point to another along that particular path which enables the ray to do the journey in the shortest possible time. There is thus an intimate connection between mechanics and optics. Bearing this well-known fact in mind, de Broglie suggested that there must be a wave theory associated with mechanical problems, that is, with the motion of material particles.

An extension of the optical analogy shows that evidence of the existence of such material waves, as they are sometimes called, is to be expected only in the

case of small particles. In optics, as long as you use large openings and large obstacles, light travels in straight lines just as particles do. If you wish to show its wave nature you must use very small openings. It is much the same with matter. If big pieces are used, its ultimate nature is corpuscular, but if a piece as small as an atom or an electron is used, and if such a piece is in motion, in some way it takes on the nature of waves.

Experimental evidence was soon forthcoming, that sometimes particles *do* behave as if they were a system of waves. To understand the nature of this evidence it is necessary to know that, according to this new *wave mechanics*, as it is called, the length of the waves associated with a moving particle can readily be calculated from its mass and its speed. For particles as small as electrons, the associated wave-lengths are of the same order as the wave-lengths of X-rays. Of the many experiments showing this to be the case, one example may be given. If a very narrow beam of X-rays passes through a little powdered material, a photographic screen placed beyond the powder shows a system of rings. From the size of the rings, and one or two other factors, it is not difficult to calculate the wave-length of the X-ray beam. Now G. P. Thomson took a narrow beam of fast electrons, allowed them to strike a thin layer of metal foil, and beyond the foil placed a photographic plate. The resulting photograph showed a system of concentric rings just as in the X-ray experiment. Moreover, from the size of the rings, Professor Thomson was able to calculate the wave-length just as if he had been using a beam of X-rays. His results gave values agreeing with those predicted by wave mechanics.

This experiment and others like it prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that in some way a moving electron

is associated with waves, and the same thing has been shown for atoms. Matter, like light, has a dual nature. It can exhibit both a particle and a wave aspect. This is much more than an interesting new idea. It is one of the most fundamental and far-reaching conceptions arrived at since the time of Newton. All problems in which electrons and atoms are concerned—and that covers the whole field of physics and chemistry—can be approached in a new light. It has been pointed out that the early quantum theories explained certain facts which baffled nineteenth-century physicists. There were difficulties, however, which even quantum theories could not satisfactorily explain. All these have been completely accounted for by wave mechanics, by a method in which the behaviour of an electron is deduced from its connection with a system of waves.

In thinking of electron waves it is natural to try to picture them, to visualize them in time and in space, as we do water waves. This, however, may not be done, for they are really mathematical waves. Their velocity may be many times greater than the speed of light, and we know that ordinary matter cannot move with a speed which exceeds that value. But, although this is true for individual electron waves, the electron, with its more human speed, always remains attached to the associated group because the component waves unite to form a resultant velocity which is the same as that of the electron. The same phenomenon is observed in the case of the bow-wave of a boat. Here, too, the individual water waves do not travel at the same speed as the boat, but their resultant, that long inclined bow-wave, does. Similarly in wave mechanics, these waves which we cannot picture, unite into a resultant hump which, like the bow-wave, travels along with the speed of the

electron. Somewhere in the hump is the electron, enveloped in a fog as it were, certainly somewhat smudged. It is all very hazy, and it is bound to be, for in dealing with the mechanics of an atom or an electron, the certainties of Newtonian mechanics are replaced by probabilities. The behaviour of a small particle can be described by setting up a mathematical relation which represents the system of associated waves. From this relation the probability that the particle is in a certain place can be calculated. Thus, the electron is said to be in the hump, because the probability of its being there is very great, whereas outside the hump the probability is very small.

The result of all this is to introduce a certain indefiniteness into our ideas of particles. They have become more elusive. When you try to put your finger on one, you find that it has changed its position just when you were in the act of locating it. Wave mechanics say that this is inherent in the nature of things. There is a limit to the degree of exactness with which you can describe the state of a particle. But this is not the whole story. The bigger the mass of the particle the less there is of all this uncertainty. Consequently when we pass from a single atom to an ordinary piece of matter with its millions of particles, the elusiveness vanishes. The uncertainty of a single particle is replaced by the certainty of a multitude. Wave mechanics then reduces to ordinary mechanics, and Newton's laws reign supreme.

V

To most people this state of affairs is far from satisfactory. In seeking to learn something about the structure of matter, the physicist has found abundant evidence

that he must deal with atoms, protons, and electrons—and sometimes with other particles as well. He has been led to believe that on occasion certain of these particles may disappear altogether to give birth to radiant energy, but even at that stage he could to some extent visualize the process. Now he has learned that he cannot state with absolute certainty just where a particle is at a given moment, that the behaviour of electrons and protons can be described accurately only in terms of concepts which cannot be visualized. The particle picture has failed him. Matter has lost its substance. The final answer to the search for a knowledge of its structure is given by a mathematical symbol.

For all this there is a reason. It does not necessarily follow that laws governing the motion of a single particle are the same as those for a body composed of millions. The dissatisfaction with the view to which we have been led is partly due to the fact that we keep trying to understand atomic processes in terms of the sense-perceptions with which daily life has made us familiar. We persist in thinking that explanations which did for ordinary bodies should also apply to the ultimate particles of which they are made. All our lives our freedom to move about has given us the conception of motion and of ordinary space; we collide with objects and get the common-sense idea of substantial matter; we try to push aside these objects and get such concepts as force and inertia. Our ordinary experience, therefore, as well as that of previous generations, makes us so familiar with these fundamental conceptions that we *think* we understand a phenomenon when it is explained in terms of them. That is why the conception of heat as molecular motion gives a certain degree of satisfaction. Intangible heat is interpreted in the light of tangible moving particles of

matter. Throughout the nineteenth century the physicist sought in this way to explain everything in terms of mechanism, by the mechanics of moving bodies. He kept trying to interpret phenomena in the light of common-sense ideas, of things which he could visualize in time and in space, and in doing so, he played with such things as billiard balls, spinning tops, and elastic jellies. As long as his attention was confined to large-scale phenomena, he had enormous success, but this method failed when applied to the microscopic. He has found that the properties of a single entity cannot be completely described in terms of perceptions derived from observations made on bodies composed of millions of such entities. The twentieth-century physicist has been forced to adopt conceptions which cannot be visualized in time and in space.

This change in outlook does not mean that physics has become a mystical subject, as certain unscientific laymen seem to think. It is still a science which postulates the existence of an objective external world about which it gains information by making observations and measurements. What the change does mean is that, in interpreting his measurements, the physicist has been led to a position where he realizes that the nature of the real world behind the phenomena he is observing cannot be completely described by mechanical models, by a space-and-time picture, but rather by mathematical symbols. This does not imply that God is a great mathematician, as Sir James Jeans has suggested, any more than, in the nineteenth century, He was a superhuman engineer. If you are a philosopher, you may be justified in concluding that the meaning is that the external world exists only in our minds. As a physicist I restrict myself to the conclusion that an exact knowledge

of the reality behind physical phenomena is beyond our grasp. Perhaps the reason is that the very instruments we use in making our observations are part of the physical world themselves. As Professor Herbert Dingle puts it, "the instruments we use for the observation of Nature are themselves part of Nature, and in the act of fulfilling their purpose, they necessarily alter the thing to be observed so that we can never see it as it was."

It must not be thought, however, that physics has reached a stage beyond which it may progress no further, or that the physicist must cease from painting pictures and building blocks. Far from it. Using these non-picturable mathematical solutions, he can make predictions about the probable behaviour of a particle or a group of particles, and these predictions can be tested experimentally in the world of space and time, the only world in which observations can be made. If the head of the modern scientist is in the clouds of wave mechanics, his feet must always remain on the solid ground of concrete phenomena. The search for the ultimate structure of matter has led not to an *impasse* but to a new conception with the aid of which progress has been made and will continue to be made.

SECTIONALISM IN CANADA

JOHN STEVENSON

PERSONS familiar with the pages of Caesar will recall that ancient Gaul was divided into three parts, but Canada, although a continuous geographical unit and equipped with a centralized political structure, shows five distinct sectional divisions—the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, Ontario, the Prairie Provinces, and British Columbia—and in each of these there is visible a strong local particularism which continually jars upon the solidarity of Confederation. These particularisms have never reached the stage of open fissures, but they are centrifugal elements in the political and economic fabric of the Dominion, and must be taken cognizance of by everybody who has a share in guiding its destinies or who is interested in the study of its history and future evolution. The conditions causing these sectionalisms differ in each case, but are to be found under the following heads: (1) geographical and economic limitations, (2) racialism, (3) national policies inimical to local interests, and (4) financial relations with the Dominion government. Each of them has a special significance in the life of Canada, and some appraisement of them *seriatim* may be profitable.

I

The Maritime area of Canada constitutes a well-defined sectional unit, and, although it is unfortunately split into three separate provinces, as a community it has a distinct personality of its own. These three provinces are inhabited by as good a racial stock—Anglo-Saxon and French in the main—as any country in the world can boast of, and their present citizens are

largely the descendants of hardy pioneers who have shown a remarkable capacity for adapting themselves to their local environment and in the process have made themselves exceedingly competent in a variety of practical arts necessary for that successful adaptation. Numbering in all about a million souls, they have, if they lack extensive stretches of fertile soil, at their command ample arable land and a wide variety of other natural resources, which should be adequate to provide a high standard of well-being for the whole population. But the cold fact remains that they are, as a community, dissatisfied with their lot, and Maritime rights and grievances are constantly in the public eye.

Their grievances are now an ancient story, and it should be remembered that Nova Scotia was brought into Confederation by a political trick, in disregard of a popular vote for the preservation of its separate colonial status, and that both New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island manifested great reluctance to abandon theirs. Now these three provinces have made a splendid contribution to the common Canadian pool, notably through a long line of eminent politicians and distinguished educationists, but a majority of their inhabitants have always held the view that they have given to Confederation more than they gained. They have never been backward about voicing their grievances, and have shown themselves adepts in extracting largesse in various forms, for their appeasement, from a succession of federal governments. In the years immediately after the War, their sense of dissatisfaction with Confederation suddenly became acute and took the form of a movement in favour of secession from the Dominion, which secured considerable support. To cope with this threat of secession, the Liberal government appointed a royal com-

mission under the chairmanship of Sir Andrew Duncan, a well-known British industrial expert, to inquire into, and report upon, certain representations made by the governments of the Maritime Provinces. The Duncan Commission found that many of the grievances felt by the Maritime Provinces had a just foundation, and proposed a variety of special concessions, in the shape of lower freight rates, subsidies on coal, provision of additional harbour facilities, and an increase of provincial subsidies. One of the chief bones of contention concerned the provincial subsidies, and the Duncan report declared that the policy adopted in 1867 in regard to them was

> clearly too rigid and inelastic, when we bear in mind the development which has taken place in the intervening years in the conception of the machinery and functions of Government. As time and ideas developed Dominion income was expanding from those sources which the province yielded up to it while provincial revenue derived from the Dominion grants remained stationary and the provinces had either to accommodate themselves to fresh avenues of revenue in spite of popular disfavour or make claims to the Dominion Government for special consideration. The relations of provincial governments to the Dominion Government became a record of complaint and demand and yet there was no general revision of these grants until 1907.

The report also found that the settlement of 1907 was not only inadequate when it was made, but still more inadequate in 1926 in the light of the increased activities of governments. The Duncan Commission, however, did not feel empowered to pass final judgment upon this issue, but, as a result of its report, the King government granted a temporary increase of the federal subsidies to all three Maritime Provinces, pending a further inquiry by experts. Such an inquiry was delayed until 1934, when it was undertaken by a royal commission headed by Sir Thomas White, a former minister of

finance. This commission heard the representations of spokesmen of the three Maritime Provinces, and, after weighing the evidence carefully, decided by a majority of two to one—the dissentient being the representative of the aggrieved provinces—to recommend the following increase of subsidies over the level fixed in 1907: for Nova Scotia, $1,300,000; for New Brunswick, $900,000; and for Prince Edward Island, $275,000. It was not to be expected that this re-arrangement would be wholly satisfactory to the Maritime Provinces, as its terms fell far short of their demands, but it has operated for the time being to still the clamour for increased subsidies from the federal treasury.

However, the grievance about the economic disabilities which Confederation brought to the Maritime Provinces still persists, and it is particularly strong in Nova Scotia. It was successfully exploited in that province by the provincial Liberal party in an election held in 1933, and when the Liberals were returned to power they lost no time in appointing a royal commission headed by an economist, Professor Jones of the University of Leeds, to investigate and report upon the effect of the fiscal and trade policies of the Dominion upon the economic life of Nova Scotia, and other matters affecting the province's economic welfare. On behalf of the government of Nova Scotia, Professor Norman Rogers submitted a prodigiously long brief, in which he traced in exhaustive detail the economic fortunes of Nova Scotia, both before and after Confederation, and massed an array of powerful arguments to buttress his contention that the effects of Confederation upon the economic life of Nova Scotia had been consistently baneful. The commission in regard to this particular issue declared in its report that, when the advantages

and disadvantages had been set off against one another, it was definitely of the opinion that the fiscal policy pursued by successive Dominion governments had "reacted injuriously upon the welfare of Nova Scotia." But it was not prepared to endorse the proposal of Professor Rogers that Nova Scotia should be accorded the right of setting up a regional tariff, and contented itself with suggestions for securing relief for various handicapped industries within the orbit of the common fiscal system of Canada. But the grievance felt against an economic *régime* which has been mainly dictated by the interests of the two great Central Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, has now had the official *imprimatur* of a commission of experts, and, while its exposition might subside with the return to power at Ottawa of a government which would modify the high protectionist policy pursued by the Bennett ministry, it is not likely to be completely assuaged for many a long day.

But the truth is that within the bounds of nearly every modern national structure there are sectional communities which, for a variety of reasons, suffer from economic stagnation and seem to lag behind the rest of the country in material prosperity. The north-eastern tier of states in the neighbouring Republic are virtually in the same plight as Nova Scotia; their industries have declined, their increase of population has not kept pace with the general increase in the United States, and they have never experienced the blessings of a rapid expansionist boom. Again, at present the people of Scotland acutely feel that their economic fortunes are waning ominously and that they are doomed to a fate of economic stagnation, if not worse; they feel that the changes in the industrial structure, which the growth of mass production and great combines has brought, is operating

adversely to their prosperity, and there has arisen a Nationalist party to voice their grievances and demand a larger measure of self-government as a cure for their disabilities. So Nova Scotia and the other Maritime Provinces are not alone in their sense of dissatisfaction with their economic fortunes. But failure to secure the dubious benefits of an expansionist boom need not have been any calamity at all, if these Maritime Provinces had seen fit to maintain the supremacy in cultural life which they enjoyed over the rest of Canada two generations ago. The verdict of one of their most distinguished citizens, Dr. Clarence Webster of Shediac, N.B., who has attained dual eminence as physician and historian, is delivered in an interesting pamphlet, entitled *The Distressed Maritimes*: "The main difference between our population and that in any one of the leading countries of Europe is that in the latter the people are to far greater extent under the direction and influence of scientific intelligence." And Dr. Webster in the same pamphlet declares: "Serious as may be the stagnation in trade, I am much more perturbed by the stagnation and decadence in cultural and educational standards and in the higher thought of the country. Indeed many of the economic ills are directly traceable to the latter conditions." So if this verdict, which is given by a passionate lover of the region of his birth, is correct, the real remedy for their troubles lies in the hands of the people of the Maritime Provinces themselves and should be found in a resolute effort to improve educational standards in the schools and universities, and to regain the intellectual primacy which was once theirs in Canada.

II

British Columbia is separated from the rest of Canada by the tremendous barricade formed by the Rocky Mountains, and they constitute a mental and spiritual barrier which has important psychological consequences. Add the fact that the British-born element of the population, which has no direct ties with Eastern Canada, is relatively much stronger than in any other Canadian province, and that British ways of life, British games, and pro-British sentiment have a stronger foothold there than elsewhere in the Dominion, and there are present ingredients of separatism which do not merit contemptuous disregard. Furthermore, British Columbia was literally dragged by the scruff of the neck into Confederation, with the aid of munificent bribes in the shape of financial subsidies and a pledge to construct the Canadian Pacific Railway. As a consequence, there has always been a substantial element of the population of British Columbia which has regarded its incorporation in Confederation as a regrettable error and has consistently taken a jaundiced view of Ottawa and all its works. Peregrinating observers, who have visited Canada and written books about their pilgrimage, have frequently been able to record that certain of their British Columbian hosts openly expressed their longing for a return of their province to its original colonial status under the direct control of Downing Street, and have interpreted such longings as a gratifying sign of imperialist zeal.

But the great majority of the people of British Columbia were reasonably content with their partnership in the Dominion as long as abounding prosperity and steady economic expansion were the order of the

day. It is true that there have been intermittent outbursts of fury whenever a Dominion government declined to fall in with popular prejudices in British Columbia against Oriental immigration, but they always proved temporary winds of discontent. Even the most vociferous champions of racial purity and white domination now realize that it must always be easier for British Columbia to cope with the problems involved in the presence of substantial Japanese and Chinese elements under its present status, when at a crisis it can rely on the backing of the rest of Canada, than if it were an isolated colony confronting alone the aggressive might of Japan across the Pacific. So complaints from British Columbia about the shameful indifference of Ottawa to the Japanese menace are now infrequent and couched in subdued tones, but recently an acute grievance seems to have developed about the consequences of the existing fiscal structure for the Pacific province.

This grievance has been assiduously fanned by the Liberal administration of Premier Pattullo, largely for political purposes and the discredit of the Conservative ministry at Ottawa. Soon after attaining power, Mr. Pattullo, on the ground that certain producers of British Columbia were suffering acutely from the unfair competition of rival producers in Eastern Canada who hired their labour at wages far below the British Columbian standards, declared that he must at all costs safeguard the creditable standards of living which had been established in British Columbia, and that, accordingly, he was contemplating the establishment of a regional tariff to check the inflow of cheap goods from the Eastern Provinces. Quebec had been the chief target of his strictures on this point, and they evoked a heated protest from Premier Taschereau, who denied the

validity of the allegations about low wages in Quebec and reminded Mr. Pattullo that the British North America Act provided against the establishment of any fiscal barriers between the provinces.

But Mr. Pattullo determined to buttress his case against the present economic *régime* by an expert investigation, and Professor W. A. Carrothers, one of the few surviving members of the "Brain Trust" formed by Mr. Pattullo on his accession to office, has now made such an inquiry and published his findings. In general they support Mr. Pattullo's argument that British Columbia is a sufferer from the present fiscal policy of the federal government. Its fundamental difficulty, according to Professor Carrothers, is that it must buy largely in the expensive tariff-protected domestic market, while it must sell in the cheapest oversea market, and, moreover, sell in competition with countries like Japan and Russia where costs of production are materially cheaper. Assuming 1926 to be a normal year and that during its course British Columbia received the same price for its goods as it paid for commodities imported from Eastern Canada, Professor Carrothers proceeded to examine whether British Columbia had gained or lost economically by comparison with its situation in 1926. Testing by this yardstick, he found that it had, in 1927, slipped back by seven per cent. compared with the basis of 1926; in 1928, by nine per cent.; in 1929, by three per cent.; in 1933, by twenty-nine per cent.; and in 1934, by twenty-two per cent. The interpretation offered of these figures was that economic activity in British Columbia is in a large measure dependent upon the price factor, and that business in the province invariably shrank in conformity with the decline in world prices without the offset of any compensating reduction in the

cost of products imported from the East being visible. It is to be noted that the decline in British Columbia's trading position was by no means a uniform downward progress, but, while it gathered momentum after the Conservative ministry of Mr. Bennett enforced a policy of high protection in 1930, Conservatives could defend their fiscal policy by pointing out another passage in Professor Carrothers's report, in which he shows that, taking 1926 as a base year of normal economic activity both in British Columbia and Eastern Canada, the set-back in British Columbia was not in 1934 much worse than it was in 1927 under a Liberal *régime*.

The sense of grievance created by these conditions will probably be accentuated now that British Columbia promises to be the chief sufferer from the commercial war with Japan, upon which the Dominion government has embarked mainly for the protection of industrial interests in Eastern Canada.

III

The prairie region lying between the Great Lakes and the Rockies is the seed-bed of another sectionalism, which has economic roots and gets steady nurture for them from the fact that no small proportion of the inhabitants of this territory are immigrants from Britain, the United States, and the continent of Europe, and have, therefore, no sentimental ties with Eastern Canada. But the lack of these ties need not have produced any serious fissure if the majority of the population of the Prairie Provinces had not been primary producers, faced with the necessity of finding an outlet for their exportable surplus in the markets of the world, and, at the same time, compelled by the existing fiscal system to fill most of their needs in manufactured goods in a

domestic market in which prices are artificially raised by tariff protection. Ever since the prairie country became a settled community, its denizens have been protesting that the economic scales were heavily weighted against them by the system of protection imposed for the benefit of the factories of Ontario and Quebec, and they have tried, without much success, to frighten the old political parties into a modification of that system. The most successful movement of protest against the fiscal system came immediately after the War, when western agrarians took the lead in organizing the Progressive party, which captured no fewer than sixty-six, or more than one-quarter, of the seats in the federal parliament at the first election which it contested. But it was fatally handicapped by feeble leadership in parliament, and, when its chiefs allowed it, during its first parliament, to be transformed into a sort of foreign legion of the Liberal party, their followers became disillusioned, and in the succeeding parliaments only a feeble contingent of independent agrarian members have been returned to represent the Western protestants against onerous protectionism. Another Western grievance concerned transportation costs: the prairie farmers found themselves at a great disadvantage against competitors who were located much nearer to tidewater, as most of the farmers of Australia and Argentina are. In this sphere the Westerners were more successful in obtaining concessions, and measures like the legislation giving authority to the pact known as the Crow's Nest Pass Agreement, have operated to reduce below the average rates for the rest of Canada railway freight rates from the West to the seaboard.

In recent years the prairie farmers have been less vocal in their protests against protectionism and its

effects, but, when the Conservative government of Mr. Bennett raised the scale of duties to the highest point in Canadian history, it recognized that this policy was bound to encounter fierce hostility in the West, unless it was accompanied by acceptance of the principle that some compensation was due to the prairie producers for the heavy burdens laid on them by the tariff. It was by way of offering such compensation that, when a disastrous slump in wheat-prices was threatened in 1931, the Bennett ministry embarked upon a policy of supporting the wheat-market through its agent in Winnipeg, and subsequently established a fixed minimum price for wheat. The ultimate effects of this policy have still to be appraised, but the opposition parties did not oppose it, and Conservative spokesmen claim that in four years it has put a huge sum of money into the pockets of the Western farmers, some of the estimates running as high as two hundred million dollars. Nobody defends the policy of buttressing the wheat-market as economically sound, but it is the result of sectional pressure assiduously applied and too strong to be resisted.

The fundamental difficulty in economic relations between the Central and Prairie Provinces is in the fact that, while Eastern Canada is a highly industrialized community, the prairie country continues to be a land of primary producers with few local manufactures of any account, and the attempt to bring within the same tariff-hoop two communities in such different stages of economic development involves a constant strain. It may be that, in the course of time, if the mining industry of Manitoba were to undergo great expansion and the coal-deposits and oil-fields of Alberta were to become the basis of an extensive industrial development, the economic grievances of the West would vanish into the

mists of antiquity, but at present they exist and create a sentiment of sectionalism which occasionally has found expression in suggestions that the West secede and form a separate Dominion under the British Crown.

But since the great depression began in 1929, there has been visible a change in the respective attitudes of the Prairie Provinces and their Eastern sisters to the ties which bind them. Owing to their dependence upon the export sale of primary products, the former have been hit peculiarly hard by the depression and its consequences, which have, moreover, been accentuated by natural misfortunes, such as a prolonged drought and a plague of grasshoppers. As a result, all the Western Provinces have found it necessary to come in suppliant guise to the Dominion government for financial succour, and they have all been given a series of loans, now reaching the large sum of eighty million dollars, for the purpose of enabling them to meet their obligations and escape default, and to cope with such problems as unemployment and farm-relief. These demands for financial help have usually been acceded to under certain conditions, but Eastern papers have now acquired the habit of pointing out that, since the Eastern Provinces provide by far the largest share of the federal revenues, they are behaving with remarkable generosity to the West, and are entitled to be regarded as kindly benefactors rather than as selfish economic tyrants. And now that the voters of Alberta have given a mandate for a revolution in the monetary system, the grumbling note is being heard, that the West is a daughter of the horseleech, and that, if through its vagaries the whole structure of Canadian national credit is going to be imperilled, the sooner East and West go their own ways the better. So the sense of grievance is no longer all on the one side.

IV

The three sectionalisms which have been described have economic foundations, but a different brand has its home in French Canada and its chief stronghold in the Province of Quebec, and it derives its force from a passionate racial particularism. It is true that all save a tiny minority of the French-Canadian race are devout Roman Catholics and exceedingly sensitive about any attacks or even slights upon their religion. But Roman Catholics of Irish and Scottish stock will firmly maintain that the French Canadians *au fond* set more store upon their racial and linguistic rights than upon their religious privileges, and, if ever forced to choose between the two, would pronounce in favour of the former. For generations, by the exercise of unwearying vigilance, the French Canadians have successfully preserved the special rights in regard to language and education which have been guaranteed them by the British North America Act, and they have never lost an opportunity of trying to enlarge the scope of these rights. Indeed, so far from there being any sign of a disposition to shed this racial particularism, there is evidence in recent years of a greater aggressiveness in its assertion. It should, however, be put to the credit of the French Canadians in Quebec that they have shown a liberal attitude in educational matters to the Protestant minority of this province, and one of their grievances is that there has been an unsatisfactory reciprocal response in the treatment of French-Canadian minorities in Ontario and other provinces. One form in which French racial particularism manifests itself strongly is in claims for a proportionate share of posts in the civil service and appointments to commissions and other public bodies, and

they are not infrequently pushed in disregard for the claims of administrative efficiency.

In the field of federal politics, the influence of this racial particularism has been consistently powerful, and the occasions have been rare when either the Liberal or Conservative party has dared to promote a policy which was repugnant to the solid public opinion of French Canada. It has also been one of the chief feeding springs of political nationalism in Canada, and has played no small part in the evolutionary process through which Canada has gradually assumed the full rights and responsibilities of separate nationhood and emerged into the international arena. But so far French-Canadian nationalism has always balked at the idea of complete separation from Britain, largely because the French Canadians realize that their special privileges will always be safe as long as they remain within the British Commonwealth, but might be less secure if Canada embarked upon a career of political independence. However, inside the British Commonwealth, French-Canadian influence is a centrifugal force which, in company with the parallel racial particularism of the South African Dutch, provides one of the strongest obstacles to imperialist schemes for the political and economic consolidation of the Commonwealth, and it is also exerted in a less happy fashion for the encouragement of an attitude of isolationism in the field of international affairs.

The possible ultimate effects of the persistence of French racial sectionalism offers an interesting subject for speculation. A study of statistics of population reveals the fact that, whereas for a whole century up to 1920 the numerical proportion which the French-Canadian element bore to the total population of Canada

remained relatively the same—about thirty per cent.—since the War ended and more particularly since the depression began, the curtailment of immigration, which has now almost become a complete cessation, has been steadily altering the racial balance. It was the large annual inflow of immigrants from Britain, the United States, and other countries which kept the French from gaining any relative ground in their ratio to the total population, but it is plain that, unless this inflow is resumed, the superior fertility of the French race is bound to assert itself. If the present tendencies of the birth-rate continue, it is a reasonable calculation that in fifty years the French-Canadian element in the two great Central Provinces of Ontario and Quebec will have almost doubled itself and be roughly five million strong, and that at the end of the same period the British stock in this territory will number only four and a half million.

At one time the growth of population in the Western Provinces promised to hold the balance steady against the French Canadians, but about this there no longer exists any confident assurance and, as the French Canadians have a strong foothold in the Maritime Provinces, the time might come when they would form actually a majority of the total population of Canada. If by the time such a development occurred there had not come a mitigation of the racial particularism which is now characteristic of French Canada, and if attempts were made to use a numerical majority to force the British elements to conform to French-Canadian ideas in regard not only to relations with the rest of the Commonwealth but in matters of government and education, it is not difficult to foresee a bitter clash of races, the consequences of which for the future of Canada would be disastrous. Accordingly, any forces which will tend to modify the

racial sectionalism of Canada—and such forces could be negative as well as positive—are deserving of support and encouragement.

V

Now the problem of these sectionalisms which have been described is destined to loom large in the coming years in connection with the question of constitutional reform, which cannot be indefinitely postponed. Intelligent opinion throughout Canada is now convinced that in many features a constitution which was designed in 1866 for a community still largely in the pioneer stage, is archaic and inadequate to meet the needs of a complex industrialized society in whose economy elements like hydro-electric energy, radio, and aviation, unthought of in 1867 and therefore not allocated to any jurisdiction, have come to play an increasing part. There has also been a steady conversion of public sentiment to the belief that the powers and jurisdiction of the Dominion government must be strengthened at the expense of the provinces in order that it may be able to tackle successfully, in the administrative and financial sphere, problems which are essentially national in scope, like unemployment insurance, the establishment of a uniform minimum wage-scale, and old-age pensions. At present not a few of the social-reform measures passed by the Bennett ministry last session are in grave danger of being successfully challenged in the courts, and Mr. Bennett has definitely committed his party to the advocacy of drastic constitutional reforms designed to cure the legal disabilities of the Dominion government. But the formidable obstacle to an effective measure of constitutional reform lies in Quebec's passionate jealousy of its provincial rights, and its fears that aggrandizement

of the central authority may work to the detriment of the special privileges legalized for the French-Canadian race by the British North America Act. Mr. Lapointe has moved far away from the extremist provincial point of view, but Mr. Taschereau still clings to it stubbornly, and he can be relied upon to offer vigorous resistance to any serious constitutional amendments. But developments in Alberta, with their accompanying threat of an attempt at a venturesome financial experiment which, whether successful or not, is bound to have an impact upon the whole financial structure of Canada, may serve to convince even the essentially conservative mind of Mr. Taschereau that a strengthening of the federal control over public finance is desirable. But, on the other hand, Major C. H. Douglas, the original parent of Social Credit, has issued a warning to its Canadian devotees that they must fight to the death against any extension of federal jurisdiction over public finance, or see their hopes of a new monetary order fade. So developments which might promise to remove one focus of opposition, tend to create another, and the solution of the constitutional problem will obviously be achieved only after prolonged controversy.

Undoubtedly in many aspects a strengthening of the powers of the Dominion is desirable, because, for one thing, any changes which would increase and widen the interests of the national parliament are to be welcomed. At present its discussions and controversies are in the main on a sordidly material plane, concerned with squabbles about fiscal favours to different economic interests, the allocation of public works, and administrative follies and errors. Rare is the debate in which any problem involving some basic moral or intellectual principle is raised, and, as a consequence, the pro-

ceedings of the body which represents the political leadership of the nation contribute all too little to the political and social education of the country and the elevation of its morale. So there is a case for the augmentation of the powers of the Dominion parliament.

But, on the other hand, there is a school of thought, not at present strongly represented in Canada, which has an ingrained disbelief in the efficacy of large political societies, dominated by a strong central authority, to provide efficient government and a high general level of well-being to their citizens. Its exponents argue that small, territorially compact countries, like Denmark and Holland, can offer their people a higher average scale of prosperity and happiness than any of the so-called great nations, and that only in such countries does the democratic system function successfully. They would contend vigorously that better government, greater prosperity, and a finer social and intellectual life could be achieved for the inhabitants of the northern half of North America if this terrain were split up into five separate states, each endowed with full domestic control over every phase of their activities, and presumably linked together for purposes of international policy by both the British Commonwealth and the League of Nations.

There is, moreover, an advanced school of thought which holds that the modern nationalist state is by no means the last word in political organization. An exponent was Frederic LePlay (1806-82), a Frenchman of Norman peasant stock, who rose to be an economist and sociologist of international repute. He was the father of the doctrine of "regionalism," and the torch which he lit has been carried on by others, such as his most notable British disciple, the late Professor Patrick

Geddes. The fundamental thesis of LePlay and his followers is that there is no guarantee of permanence for the structure of any temporal national state, that the real permanent unit of society, which never can be destroyed, is the "region," and that the true path to the rehabilitating of a civilization which is obviously sick, is through "regional" reconstruction. For them the words "region" and "regional" are sharply distinguished from "province" and "parochial" and in their eyes the former cover all those qualities of local colour and tradition, with raciness of the soil, which are implied in the old phrase of *genius loci*. LePlay evolved a plan of scientific regionalism which space does not permit me to describe here, but its essence was that the inhabitants of a region should concentrate their energies upon the careful planning of a community life which, under intelligent and scientific guidance, could be made to provide for its members standards of material comfort and cultural interests now beyond the reach of all but a limited minority. If LePlay lived in Canada now he would undoubtedly fasten upon the Maritime Provinces as a field white for his harvesting, and it is an interesting fact that one of the few Canadian efforts, apart from the colonies of the Doukhobor sect, to build up a real community life, is now in progress in Nova Scotia under the direction of a group of enlightened and public-spirited Roman Catholic priests.

LOPE DE VEGA : 1562-1635

M. A. Buchanan

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO was born at Madrid in 1562, and died there on August 27, 1635. The poet's long life embraced the reigns of the three Philips, glorious years in Spanish history. Spaniards boasted that the sun never set upon their vast empire, which included (1580-1640) the whole of the Peninsula, the two Sicilies, the Milanese, the Low Countries, Franche-Comté, Mexico, Peru, and Portuguese possessions in Asia. Economic decline had begun but had not yet brought bankruptcy and decadence. The silver which poured into Spain affected the economic condition of the country adversely and there were signs on every hand of extreme poverty, but outward splendour and national optimism remained. About the middle of the sixteenth century there appeared a prose masterpiece, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, aptly called an epic of hunger. Among types depicted in this picaresque novel, is that of an impoverished gentleman or hidalgo who comes to the capital to seek honourable employment in the church, the fleet, or the royal palace, as the formula ran. He is penniless but too proud to work. For days he has not a bite to eat, but blames the location of his lodgings for his misery. After the dinner hour, although he has not eaten a morsel, he sallies forth into the streets of the imperial city with a toothpick in his mouth. Cervantes, too, immortalized the poor but irrepressible hidalgo in Don Quixote, who reads gloriously, but lives pitifully, without complaint, on such rabbits as a lean hound can course, hash almost every evening, with, on Sundays, the luxury of a squab from his dovecote. Lope de Vega,

popular dramatist as he was, sometimes found the larder empty, and had to appeal to a patron. "Necessity," he once wrote apologetically, "is like rhymes to a poet, which make him do what he had no thought of doing."

The prodigious activity in literature which characterizes this period is but one phase of a remarkable century. Cervantes, in whose masterpiece prose first triumphed over verse in fiction, was Lope's contemporary, as were also Alarcón (born in Mexico) who gave to France her first comedy, *Le Menteur*, Castro who gave to France her first successful drama, *Le Cid*, Tirso de Molina, a brilliant playwright, Góngora the lyrist, Quevedo the satirist, Calderón, author of *Life is a Dream*, and numerous writers of ballads and lyrics. Toward making the drama and novel the two most important branches of modern European literature, these and other Spanish writers provided the initial impulse.

The dominant characteristics of the period were originality and creative facility, and Lope had these qualities in an amazing degree. He compared himself to Titian and Giordano da Lucca, who painted with both hands. A contemporary biographer, Montalván, asserted that Lope could write a play after Mass while waiting for the warming of his breakfast. Hazlitt, in his *Table-Talk*, exclaims, "I hate all those nonsensical stories about Lope de Vega and his writing a play in the morning before breakfast. He had time enough to do it after." Mere volume of production is in itself prejudicial to any fair consideration of a writer's merits, but as unparalleled versatility is one of Lope's titles to fame, the matter may be disposed of at the outset.

Lope began to write for the stage about 1580, at first leisurely as an amateur, and later, after his marriage, with increased acceleration to earn his daily bread. He

continued to compose plays until his death, fifty-five years later. In 1632, by his own count, his production had reached fifteen hundred plays, and he calculated his daily average of writing at five sheets. Dillon has computed this at 21,316,000 lines. The titles of six hundred and fifty of his plays are known. Nearly five hundred are extant and have been published in the Academy edition of his dramatic works. The very volume of his production has terrified and disconcerted literary critics.

Montalván relates several instances of the miraculous ease with which Lope composed. His pen could not keep pace with his mind, for his thoughts came more rapidly than his hand could write them. Lope complained that he had spent his life sharpening quills. On one occasion he wrote in fifteen consecutive days fifteen acts, that is, five plays. Montalván's account of the following experience has become a legend, and is best told in his own words:

> Roque de Figueroa, the theatrical manager, found himself at Madrid in such need of a comedy that the Corral de la Cruz—Cross Street Theatre—was closed, it being near the three carnival days before Shrovetide, and so urgent was the matter that Lope and I joined to write for him in all haste the play entitled *The Third Order of St. Francis*. The first act fell to Lope, the second to me, which we wrote in two days, and the third act was divided, eight sheets to each. As the weather was bad, I remained at his house during that night. Knowing that I was no match for him, I tried to make up for my deficiency by getting up at two o'clock in the morning, and by eleven o'clock I had finished my part. I then went out to look for Lope, and found him in his garden occupied with an orange tree which was frozen, and on my inquiring what progress he had made with his verses, he answered, "I began to write at five o'clock, but it is perhaps an hour since I finished the act, breakfasted, and wrote an epistle of fifty tercets, and I have been watering the garden, which has fatigued me not a little." And taking out the papers, he read to me the eight sheets and the tercets, a thing

which would have astonished me had I not known his wonderful fertility and his mastery of versification.

Long runs were unknown in Spain, few plays being acted for more than a week. Managers and public throughout the Peninsula clamoured for Lope's productions, and his versatility was equal to any demands. His contemporaries called him a prodigy of nature, and posterity recognizes him as the most fluent improviser in the history of letters. In his day he was one of the sights of Madrid. Men turned to look at him in the street. Women and children clustered round him to kiss his hand and to crave his blessing. His daily walk was a royal procession. The word Lope became a synonym for every kind of excellence. And when Lope died the concourse of people at his funeral was such as had never honoured royalty.

But the time of this virtuoso of literature was not devoted exclusively to the writing of plays. An edition of his non-dramatic works contains twenty-one volumes of epics, eclogues, ballads, sonnets, and novels. These had all been published in his lifetime, some in several editions. The epics and novels have no surviving interest. Some of the lyrics are exquisite gems, and many of his sonnets are masterpieces. Three of the latter, translated without acknowledgement by Scarron, are said to have given the French writer his reputation as a poet. In dainty trifles like a sonnet on a sonnet Lope was imitated by Voiture, Austin Dobson, and Henley. More original, and for its plastic art unsurpassable, is a sonnet on Judith and Holofernes, which may be thus rendered in prose:

There hangs bleeding from his couch the right shoulder of the cruel tyrant, who, opposing the walls of Bethulia, in vain hurled bolts toward heaven.

The red tent-flap wound about his left hand in anguish reveals the inhuman spectacle of his horrible trunk, chilled in death.

Bacchus spilled befouls the strong armor, glasses and overturned table; the guards, whom he so unwisely trusts, sleep.

And on the walls of Bethulia, crowned by the people of Israel, the chaste Jewess appears triumphant, armed with his head.

Of a different type is a cradle song, *The Madonna's Lullaby*:

Holy angels and blest,
Through those palms as ye sweep
Hold their branches at rest,
For my babe is asleep.

And ye Bethlehem palm-trees,
As stormy winds rush
In tempest and fury,
Your angry noise hush;
Move gently, move gently,
Restrain your wild sweep;
Hold your branches at rest,
My babe is asleep.

My babe all divine,
With earth's sorrows oppressed,
Seeks in slumber an instant
His grievings to rest;
He slumbers, he slumbers,
Oh, hush, then, and keep
Your branches all still,
My babe is asleep!

Cold blasts wheel about him,
A rigorous storm,
And ye see how, in vain,
I would shelter his form.
Holy angels and blest,
As above me ye sweep,
Hold these branches at rest,
My babe is asleep![1]

* * *

[1]Ticknor's translation.

Lope's productivity is the more remarkable when it is remembered that his life was one of gay worldliness, eventful, tumultuous; not without scandal, and also not without periods of remorse and repression. The dramatist's life was indeed like his plays, histrionic and novellistic. He graduated from the University of Alcalá; took part in an expedition against the Portuguese in the Azores in 1583, and, on returning to Madrid, there began the first of his recorded love affairs, an amour that ended disastrously in a suit for libel and banishment from Madrid for ten years. Lope's defence was that the father of Phyllis (Elena Osorio) had become hostile to him because he gave his plays to a rival actor.

Meanwhile, he had sailed on the ill-fated Armada in its expedition against England, using, he tells us, the verses which he had written to his ungrateful Phyllis for gun-wadding. During the expedition he composed a long epic entitled, *The Beauty of Angelica*, in continuation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. "Grasping now the pen and now the sword, amidst the cruel thunder of the wrath of Mars, I wrote *La Angélica*." Judging by the length of the epic, Lope grasped the pen more frequently than the sword. The Phyllises, Doroteas, Lucindas, Amaryllises, Gerardas, most of them actresses, play an important, and, to the biographer, a bewildering part in his life. Perhaps, as Lope said, "he who names a poet, names an ardent lover."

From about 1600 on, the playwright had a generous patron and friend in the Duke of Sessa, whom he accompanied on state occasions and helped in love escapades. Sessa preserved his letters, and from them we discover that in addition to many other accomplishments, Lope was a delightful letter-writer. In one of them he asks for the loan of the duke's coach:

As coach-hire I send your Excellency a trout, which I think will be fresh. Doña Juana [Lope's wife] begs your Excellency to have the coach here at four o'clock as she is going to call for her mother; for it is she who is directing this festival, and she would like to reach there early, so as to enjoy the time till evening. I shall have one of the worst days of my life—I too am going—for among fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law no intelligent man can amuse himself.

About his fiftieth year there are references in his letters to ill-health, and concurrently, his mind turned to religion. He decided to enter the church and become a priest. He wrote to Amaryllis that he had left worldly vanities, for it was necessary to bring order out of disorder. Love remained, however, an imperious necessity, and although the poet became a fervent believer, he was still a great sinner. In 1614 he went to Toledo for his ordination as a priest.

I arrived [he wrote to his patron], presented my credentials to him of Troy, for so they call the bishop. By this you may know that I am drawing near to being your chaplain; and you should see how fitting was the designation of the bishop, for only by Troy could a man of so many fires be ordained; but as cruel as though I had been the man who brought in the wooden horse, for he reproved me for wearing a moustache, and in sheer despair I had it taken off, so that I doubt whether your Excellency will know me. . . . Gerarda [an actress] has received me and lodged me with great kindness. . . . It appears, as your Excellency gives me to understand between the lines, that you are sorry the same causes should detain me here as gave suspicion in Madrid; but do not shoot at me with noiseless powder, for I assure you that I should consider it an act of disloyalty to hide my thoughts from you.

A small benefice was conferred on Lope, but the stipend reached him only at rare intervals. Later he sought a chaplaincy at Avila.

I took some pains in the matter [he writes], prayed in the chapel like a Demosthenes, and decided to return by way of Segovia,

where trout and Sánchez [an actor-manager] made us delay until I had finished *The Greatest Impossibility*, as the comedy which I wrote for him is called, if my being able to write it was not the greatest impossibility in the midst of the greatest quantity of fleas that ever visited the world since the plagues of Egypt.

In his attitude toward his priesthood, Lope stands in sharp contrast to Calderón, who also joined the church, and at about the same age, but renounced the writing of secular plays, and, as a kind of penance, spent the last thirty years of his life turning his dramas into sacred, allegorical one-act pieces for Corpus Christi celebrations. Lope's moral lapses exposed him to the attacks of contemporary critics and detractors like Góngora, before whom he cringed abjectly. Even his friend Cervantes, in reply to what he took for scurrilous allusions to himself, retorted sarcastically that he was not likely to attack a priest, and that he admitted Lope's constant and virtuous occupation.

Lope had a redeeming virtue, charity. He died poor. His large income was all but wholly devoted to the church and to charity. His tastes, wants, and habits were of the simplest. A small garden was his only luxury. It provided him with fruits and flowers, drove away his cares, and gave him ideas, and many exquisite descriptions in his works. "My garden contains," he writes, "two trees, ten flowers, two vines, an orange tree, and a white musk-rose." His receipt for happiness was characteristic: "a book, two friends, three pictures, and four flowers." Over the lintel of his door was the inscription:

Parva propria, magna;
Magna aliena, parva.

In an epistle the poet gives this picture of domestic felicity:

Now, finally, the vicissitudes were over, and I saw myself freed at last from the pursuing rage of so great a sea of love, when there at my side arose the modest countenance of my sweet wife, without a thought that aught could befall me. Little Carlos with bright, beaming face, like lilies fair and roses, brought me life, singing with childish voice some little song. In this light and this dawn I clothed myself whilst he was frisking in the fields about, like a lambkin at daybreak. Then all the childish nonsense that he lisped with inexperienced tongue seemed something wise, and my wife and I with kisses overwhelmed our boy. And I, rejoicing then to see such dawns after nights so many and so dark, wept at times my vain and idle hopes. And so, believing the hours more secure, not of my life, but of having reached a state to taste such happiness as this, I went to my study, meaning to finish the writing then in hand. Then they called to breakfast; sometimes I said quite angrily that I be not disturbed, so much the zeal for work doth conquer us. But Carlos, rosy and with teeth of pearl, entered to call me and brought light to my eyes, and embraces to my heart; or he took me by the hand and drew me unresisting to the table, where I sat down beside his mother.

* * *

From about 1580 on there were in Madrid two principal theatres, named after the streets on which they were situated, Prince and Cross. They were the property of city hospitals, which levied contributions on theatrical troops or leased the theatres. The dependence of the hospitals on the theatres proved advantageous during the war waged by the clergy and lay moralists against the stage. Theatres were sometimes closed, but immediately arose the cry of the hospitals for money, and their doors were again opened. Theatres were simple structures and there was no scenery or drop curtain. Scenes were suggested to the imagination by the words of the dramatist. Plays were given in the afternoons only.

In the history of the Spanish drama, historians dis-

tinguish a pre-Lope period, comparable in general dullness to the pre-Shakespearean period in the English drama. In 1551 appeared *Florisea*, the first play of modern times in three acts, the accepted number in the Lope period and in plays of to-day. In Spain as in England chronicle plays made adherence to the unities of time and place impossible. Lope rejected other classical precepts in the interests of expediency. His "new comedy" (*comedia nueva*) combined tragedy and comedy. An expansive nature like Lope's could brook no restraints. He confessed to writing six plays that observed the rules, but they have never been identified. Lope composed some powerful tragedies on the subject of conjugal honour, but comedy, at least a happy ending, made a stronger appeal to him.

Before amazed and delighted audiences, who applauded him for fifty-five years, the new comedy presented whatever was dramatic and poetical in Spanish chronicle and legend, in ancient history and mythology, in oriental and Italian stories, in sacred history, pious tales, pastoral and chivalrous literature. Then there were the numerous plots (a thousand by his count) of his own invention, contemporary events, customs, and people. And all were touched with his characteristic urbanity, his unexcelled art and lyricism. He handled his dialogue with easy grace, and his style was clear and limpid. The affectation of gongorism he abhorred. Sometimes in non-dramatic works the poet yielded to the prevailing conceptist or metaphysical style. Faria y Sousa, his friend, one day asked him the meaning of two lines in his *Arcadia*:

> Que quien al Austro llora
> Bien es que alegre la vezina Aurora.

Lope was somewhat annoyed by the question, and re-

plied: "It would be fine if I wrote things and had to go with them to explain them." Then he related more cheerfully how when Camoens was asked a similar question about a couplet of his and confessed that he did not understand it, his questioner offered an explanation. Whereupon Camoens replied, "I wish the words had the meaning that you give to them!" Lope's plays are often obscure, not because of their style but because of words which have changed their meaning or of allusions to local matters no longer intelligible.

He was a keen judge of playgoers' tastes. He mingled among the groundlings ("musketeers") to ascertain their preferences. His successes were won by the general animation of his plays—much action, sprightliness and naturalness of dialogue, variety, poetical charm, and an inability to be dull. Contrary to ancient precept, and to puritanical tendencies seen in literature after the middle of the sixteenth century, Lope had no moral purpose in writing. He did not pretend to hold up a mirror to nature, was not consciously edifying or didactic, and sought only to give two hours and a half of good entertainment. Soviet Russia has adapted for purposes of propaganda his powerful play, *Fuente Ovejuna*, in which is depicted the rising of the masses against a tyrant. But to Lope the theme had no social implications and represented only a fine dramatic situation.

About 1590 Lope invented a new character, the *gracioso* or wit. To complete his breach with tradition, he introduced a new metre, the *romance*. The significance of the latter step lies in the fact that this narrative metre enabled Lope to begin the action of his plays abruptly, and, when opportunity offered, to narrate the antecedents of the story. The device was borrowed from the epic, and made it possible for the playwright to con-

centrate more and more upon the crisis of the action. It also gave scope for declamation, much enjoyed then by actors and public alike.

The *gracioso* took playgoers by storm. Witty lackeys became so popular that a female counterpart was created, and to satisfy public demand even two pairs of *graciosos* were provided. The *gracioso* has no exact equivalent in other dramatic literature. He is a valet to the hero, and is on very intimate terms with his master. He "thees" and "thous" him, advises him in all his difficulties (chiefly amatory), urges him on if he needs prodding, serves as a go-between, burlesques his master's love-speeches and poetic flights, satirizes contemporary customs, amuses the audience with his banter; and, like his master, he gets married at the close of the play—of course to the *graciosa* or maid of the heroine. Such a character provided the needed corrective of realism and actuality to what was a very romantic, novelistic presentation of life in a make-believe world.

Lope's plays were "the flowers of the field of his Vega [meadow] which sprang up without cultivation." To him they were ephemeral productions, "not intended to survive twenty-four hours," mere merchandise (*versos mercantiles*), produced to give an afternoon's delight, and were not designed for the printed page. The proof of his success was the applause of the audience and the demand for his wares. The dramatist sold his manuscripts to theatrical managers, keeping no copies for himself. Hundreds of plays had been produced on the stage before Lope began to publish them, and then only in a half-hearted way because surreptitious and garbled versions were appearing in print.

In 1609 the dramatist read before an academy a treatise on his new art of writing plays, in which he made a

display of erudition as suited the occasion, but defended, rather whimsically, his departure from formal tradition by the plea that he who pays the piper calls the tune. Though theory and practice might be at variance, Lope boldly and defiantly asserted that "the purpose of an author is to give pleasure to the people [*el vulgo*], and let art be hanged!" "When I write a play," he added, "I lock up the precepts with seven keys, remove Terence and Plautus from my study, lest they cry out, and I write according to the art invented by those who first sought the applause of the people."

In defiance of classical tradition, which time has shown to be false, Lope created a whole dramatic literature. How poor would the world's theatre be were it deprived of his contribution. He himself dropped out of vogue soon after his death, and his place was taken by Calderón, a court dramatist. But Lope's work survived at home and abroad in other ways, mostly in imitations. Other writers availed themselves abundantly of his rich imagination, and a very long catalogue of plagiarisms might be made. Five of Rotrou's plays are adaptations of Lope's. In Molière he found a more eminent imitator, for a large number of that author's masterpieces are *réchauffés* of his productions.[2]

[2]Many of our dramatist's plays have been translated but only a few into English. The most accessible are the following: *The Star of Seville* (of doubtful authorship) published in *The Chief European Dramatists*, 1916, *The King the Greatest Alcalde* (*Poet Lore*, 1918), *The Dog in the Manger* (*The Drama*, London, 1903).

PHILOSOPHY IN A WORLD CRISIS

HERBERT L. STEWART

IN times of international crisis, abstract thinkers are commonly at a discount. To fall back on an inelegant but expressive phrase, the practical man "has no use for them." There is obvious need for good economists, good captains of industry, good international lawyers, good diplomatists. These are men from whom, at least in our more sanguine moments, we hope for some practical proposal—some concrete programme for overcoming the depression, for reviving world trade, for assuaging international quarrels. On the other hand, the sort of person known as a "philosopher" seldom gives any such definite advice, generally refuses to meddle with what he calls the work of specialists, and leaves his cynical reader or hearer with the feeling that philosophy is something like religion, destitute of any plan for changing events, but a consoling discipline to make one satisfied with events as they are. It is thus often supposed to mean no more than an ingenious way of convincing oneself that things, however they may drift, are never so bad as they appear, and—as Anatole France used to say—that any change would probably be for the worse. Hence the term "philosophic mind" and the phrase about taking experience "philosophically" have become the cover for a sort of moral paralysis. Our distraught generation may be pardoned for losing patience with this, as Romeo did with Friar Laurence when bidden to fall back upon "Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy."

Again, it is often urged, and it is still more suspected, that there is no philosophy underlying social phenomena at all. Ever since Hegel wrote so much history out of his

head, we have been warned that the speculative critic is given to impose his own mental categories on the course of events, to transfer straight from his own mind the picture of social problems, and so to assign their parts to different leaders as will make them illustrate the critic's scheme. In the past a Mohammed, a Frederick the Great, a Cromwell, in the present a Lenin, a Mussolini, a Mustapha Kemal, have been depicted as thinking in such general concepts as belong to the study chair rather than to the mastership of men. It may be doubted whether these books of psychological analysis, now reaching us with such rapidity from the press, carry much conviction to the reader, and it is but fair to the writers to suppose that they are completed with a sense of misgiving. The present has thus to share the cynicism of Faust regarding the past, for it too becomes a book sealed with seven seals, in which the reputed spirit of an age is but the spirit of him by whom the age is described. Machiavelli four hundred years ago ridiculed the idea that we should find the key to Greek civilization in the Greek philosophers, who were in truth far less discerning than the Greek historians, and Nietzsche half a century back added his warning that Plato as compared with Thucydides was a mere "decadent"—like all men weak-minded enough to worry over what we call "social problems." Is it not apparent that the world's great advances have been led by those who had such genius for action as not merely diverted them from abstract inquiry, but even incapacitated them for its pursuit? And shall we not find ourselves altogether off the track if we seek the real explanation of events in an interplay of ideas which may well have had no place in the chief actors' minds?

There is real force in this line of criticism. Social

changes are seldom to be explained as the outcome of abstract thinking; they are rather made by crowds who are incapable of it, under leaders who are impatient of it. Fascism, for example, according to Mussolini—who at least ought to know—was born of the need for action: as he puts it, here was no nursling of a doctrine elaborately worked out beforehand. Even where the so-called "social philosophy" has been conspicuous, this has in general been subsequent, not antecedent, to the action—far less a determinant of what should be done than an interpretation of what had been done. Moreover, those few cases—such as the French and American Revolutions—where the reverse order may seem to have been followed, turn out on stricter inquiry the sort of exceptions which support a rule. Look at the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Declaration of Independence, each of them a document in which coming action was justified by a piece of philosophical analysis. It is now obvious that the philosophy was altogether incommensurate with the action, and that in two ways. The men of affairs were at once lower and higher than the men of the study. Things were done with a ruthlessness which those pieces of conscientious moralizing never prompted; also with a consistency and a coherence very unlike the tangle in such manifestos. The corresponding British picture is here suggestive. Rousseau's *Contrat Social* lay on the table of the Committee of Public Safety as a guiding oracle during the period of the Terror; but Locke's *Treatises on Government* did not appear until the English Revolution was complete. The doctrines of Locke stand, substantially, to-day as both the theory and the defence of what was done in 1688; while the deeds of 1793 cannot be recalled either to the credit or to the discredit of Rousseau, for Robespierre

and Saint-Just paid as little attention to his bad anthropology as to his virtuous admonitions.

By the ideas underlying a social change we should not mean, however, simply the purposes which its leaders had consciously in view. We should include the ideas, often unavowed, often unrealized, which won for the change its public support; ideas, as Dean Church said, "latent in the mind, and which there was not enough strength to bring forth," but which were none the less at work as determinants of action. The story of the Protestant Reformation, for example, is not that of Luther and Calvin, any more than the story of the Jesuit movement is that of Loyola. Neither of these is adequately written, though so often written inadequately, in terms of the strife of general propositions within this or that thinker's mind. What is important in each is not such precarious explanation of how the movement began, but the explanation, no longer in the least precarious, of how it held the allegiance of vast multitudes through many generations, both ignorant and careless of its origin. To discern and interpret this is to show the underlying philosophy of what happened, and what the historian can now see is that the great sixteenth-century conflict was one of values, however either Catholic or Protestant might disguise this from himself in theoretic reasoning.

In this respect the study of ultimate concepts underlying practical schemes is so far from being a neglect of practice for mere theory that it is just now the most practical procedure of all. Froude said, three-quarters of a century ago, that philosophers were a species of thinker fortunately fast becoming less numerous. Perhaps there has been less reason to rejoice at this, as our age has watched the performance of those to whom

philosophy is taboo. Why is it that politicians, economists, international lawyers, and the like confer endlessly to so little purpose about public problems? They come together in the spirit of Bentham's maxim, which—by the way—anticipated that of the Rotary Club: "Let men but understand one another, and it will not be long ere they agree." But do they corroborate that maxim? Or do they corroborate rather the warning of Thomas à Kempis, who was not exactly a cynic when compared with either Bentham or the Rotary Club, but who has lamented in the *Imitatio Christi* that very often the more perfectly men are understood, the less they are esteemed? What was it that broke up the World Economic Conference? Did the delegates disperse, as the builders of the Tower of Babel did, because they could no longer understand one another? Or was it because by degrees they came to understand one another only too well, and found how fundamentally they conflicted, not about how to do something, but about what they wanted to do? It is notorious that a meeting of employers with workmen on strike is more likely to raise tempers than to lower them, and that not the least service a conciliator can perform is to convey between the groups a duly expurgated translation of what each has demanded. Is there a more pathetic spectacle than that of a League of Nations Council, at which delegates from Great Britain and delegates from Japan long struggled to convince the world, to convince each other, and I suspect even to convince themselves, that their ideals for China were the same, and that their controversy was about method alone? Among signatories to the Covenant of the League, the Kellogg-Briand Pact, and all the other pledges of tried and proved futility, is it not clear that the tremendous effort to demonstrate

agreement disguises a basic discord, and that failure to work these bargains was inevitable from the beginning? When we are once more assured, as we often are from Tokio, that the dearest wish of Japan is for a peace both genuine and lasting, do we not recall some hard-faced capitalist denouncing trade unions because they are against those higher interests of labour which he has so much at heart? Or some notorious dipsomaniac explaining to a Boston audience that his hostility to the Eighteenth Amendment sprang from his zeal for real temperance?

The difficulty, to which a key may be sought by going back to ultimate ideas and assumptions, is just this: why is it that out of what purports to be the same calculation on social affairs men get results utterly different? It is a facile and a lamentably widespread answer that the results vary because the calculators are dishonest. An alternative possibility is that they vary because the calculations are not really, but only apparently, on the same problem. People quarrel, I think, about Socialism, not so much because they have different expectations regarding the sort of life Socialism would provide, as because they value the elements in that life so differently: because they so disagree, for example, about how much of personal freedom and initiative it is worth while to give up in exchange for so much material gain. Such conflicts are often irremovable. There is a suggestive tale of a high-caste Hindu whose difficulty about the utilitarian formula "greatest happiness of the greatest number" at length broke out in the protest that, quite obviously, the happiness of a brahman was worth that of at least twenty lower-caste men! He differed from many persons we all know, more in the frankness of his avowal than in the substance of his conviction.

No lucidity of argument will adjust the contrasted views of life of a Clydeside Communist and a knight or dame of the Primrose League; of an English mechanic who acknowledges no authority between himself and God, and a Russian *mujik* content to get all his news from a government-censored press, to stand in line for food tickets which will be granted, suspended, or withheld with variations in his party allegiance, and to be a man marked for official favour or hardship according to his docility in irreligion. Is it possible to bring together in England itself the Catholic or Anglo-Catholic whose ethical thinking begins with what he calls the sacredness of the family, and the apostle of the new epoch who—as Principal Maurice Hutton would say—has but two ideals left, contraception and eugenics? These are differences which will become not less but more acute the more clearly they are realized and stated. As Herbert Spencer said in explaining why he would call upon Carlyle once a year and no more, even then not to talk to him, but to look at him: controversy would serve no purpose, and would end only in the two speakers glaring at each other from opposite sides of the fireplace.

To say, however, that contrasted views cannot be reconciled is not to give up the hope of reconciling those who hold them. Not all mankind, happily, are like Carlyle and Herbert Spencer, who must either come to agreement in opinion or subside into angry glaring at each other. We have a more cheerful example close at home. Ontario and Quebec, I suppose, will never agree on ultimate values; certainly they never have agreed, and it is but fair to each to assume that they have tried for a long time. Yet the Scottish farmer in the one province, and the French *habitant* in the other, have built a reasonable degree of national unity on a firm

foundation of mutual contempt. They would never have become reconciled to each other's influence, if they had not given up the attempt to argue each other out of their respective ways of fundamental thought, but had persisted in assuming that their ideal was the same, and that they differed only on some detail about how to attain it. Similarly in our generation, the common run of Socialists, Communists, and Fascists, as they struggle with one another's programmes, illustrate how much nearer was Thomas à Kempis than Jeremy Bentham to the truth about human nature. But tolerance here again does not need mutual esteem for a basis. It needs only the recognition of differences as irremovable, something to be accepted perhaps with a sigh or a groan, as the great denominations of Christendom have at length settled down to acquiesce, somewhat sadly, in one another's existence.

But perhaps we may hope for even more than this. The better thinkers at least, in state as well as church discords, do manage through frank interchange to pass beyond the mood of sullen acquiescence. Aristotle laid down the principle that the best sort of political constitution is a mixed one; that the mixture, for example, of democratic with oligarchic elements will give a product stronger and better than either of its constituents. We know how that combining enterprise is popularly judged, at least as often as it advances beyond a form so old as to make us uncritical of it, to a form in which its novelties are alarming. We then hear, once again, how "England loves not coalitions"! Those who try to construct the mixed constitution are commonly stigmatized by both groups as "opportunist," while those called in politics "men of principle" are such as have erected into a virtue their own stubborn inaccessibility

to new ideas. It is not perhaps too much to hope that grim experience may now be effecting some improvement even on this mood. Perhaps if political issues were discussed in detachment, without those personal forecasts by which the active politician is disturbed, both the traditional stigma and the traditional virtue might be forgotten. Such, at least, is the hope of those summer conferences among the political laity which have become so conspicuous a feature of life on this continent during the last few years: conferences to which "the professional" is invited only under precautions, and with considerable distrust. At such gatherings unanimity is neither to be expected nor to be desired; we want frankest and most outspoken discussion. What helps us to see both the utility and, indeed, the necessity of a constitutional blend, is to examine each of the elements in isolation, each in that pure unmixed form which some enthusiast for it alone—some fanatic, if you will, who was also a master-builder—has imposed upon it. No matter what our ultimate result, it is well to have scrutinized each of the proposals, not in that weak presentation which lures us by lending itself to such easy criticism, but in its strongest presentation which stings us into educative thinking. As we thus discover that even what we come to conclude right is not impeccably right, or what we conclude wrong is not wholly wrong, it is as a rule by tracing each back to some previously undisclosed foundation in the ultimate human values that we clarify our minds. And he would be an obstinate enthusiast indeed who was not thus brought nearer in toleration to enthusiasts of a different camp.

A parallel from Francis Bacon may serve to make the point clear. There is a great satiric passage of the *Novum Organum*, in which a system of thought is likened to a

system of religion, to be judged by its fruits, and pronounced frivolous if it be barren: "more especially," says Bacon, "if in place of fruits of grape and olive, it bear thorns and briars of dispute and contention." But the writer did not forget how ingenious had been the talent and how tireless the effort of the Scholastic thinkers he was so scornfully characterizing: so he makes amends with the acknowledgement that they failed through no fault of their own. They inherited certain assumptions and a certain method, under which and within which they had shown a most resourceful versatility. But their task was intrinsically impossible. Nature would not yield her secrets to pure deduction, however faultless its internal coherence. Those navigators over the seas of thought had all manner of personal endowment: the only thing they lacked was a compass, but the lack was fatal.

In like manner it may be said that our lawyers and our politicians, our economists and our captains of industry, do not merit the opprobrious contrast in which they are often placed with their predecessors. If the problems which are baffling our time had been, indeed, no more than legal or political, industrial or economic, there is no reason to suspect that they would not have been settled by the wits of our generation, so as to produce at least the same apparent calm as the artists of social order produced so often before. A cunningly drawn treaty, a dexterous formula, a principle of government so stated as to simulate self-evidence and stifle opposition—these achievements are still well within the range even of the talent that we have. But woe to him who shall invoke for the quelling of the unrest in our time such remedies—once so effective—as the doctrine of Balance of Power, Free Trade, *Laissez-faire*, Law of

Supply and Demand. It is not only that these particular formulae will not avail; no others like them will avail, for the audience to which they are propounded is all the time raising mentally a previous question. Speaker and listeners are at cross-purposes; for while the speaker assumes that the problem is only one of method, agreement being complete as to ultimate design, in truth the design is not in the least agreed. Our generation, more profoundly than any other which one can recall, is at discord not only or chiefly about how to reach its purposes, but about what kind of social purpose it desires to reach. An old epigram reminds us that it is bad enough to have lost one's way, but worse to have lost one's address. The darker fate seems to have befallen our age.

Fundamental inquiry into values is a project which British people have been less ready to undertake than the French, the Germans, or the Americans. Uncovering and scrutinizing the basis of our institutions is against that national temper of ours which is, in the philosophical sense, conservative. A hundred years ago, our ancestors were refusing with impatience even to hear a plea for French Jacobinism, just as to-day most of our respectable contemporaries become very restive under an argument which seeks to prove Russian Bolshevism not in every detail or even in every principle either senseless or wicked. Disraeli spoke nearly a century back about that efflorescence of public ignorance which made Englishmen assume that theirs was the best possible form of government, and Mr. Chesterton in our own day has been pleading with us to consider how far the immunity of Great Britain from the revolutions on the continent of Europe is rather an accident for which to be thankful than a virtue of which to boast. As the immunity seems to grow less, and as the belief that ours

is the one perfect system is thus insensibly shaken, we become by degrees a little more ready to look at the basis of even our sacred things. A written constitution, which other nations have thought essential, the British temper has always avoided, so that there is point in the jest of Professor Dibelius about that eternal patchwork which is our sign-manual of reform. There comes, however, a stage at which further patching is impossible, and—as the parable says—in the attempt to continue it, the rent is made worse. That such a critical moment has now been reached, many coincidental tokens appear to indicate. It is then that we have to cease living merely from day to day in our political and social adjustments, and have to think out some coherent system. You can do that only by re-scrutiny of those ultimate assumptions which, just because they are ultimate, few realize to be assumptions at all. They are like the ground on which we stand, and which consequently we cannot see, but from which it is needful to move that we may examine it from another point of view as soon as it has begun unmistakably to shake. No one knew or stated the need for this among his own countrymen better than George Meredith. "I do long," he once said, "to induce the practical Englishman to settle his muzzle in a nosebag of ideas."

Even the practical Englishman is more easily induced to do this now than he was in George Meredith's day. A lot has happened since the writing of *Evan Harrington* and *Beauchamp's Career*. The sovereign remedy known as "muddling through," and often thought of as the great English contribution to the art of government, is not so popular as it once was. Our institutions and usages are being subjected to an unexampled challenge. John Stuart Mill was thought a dangerous radical when

he declared that these institutions and these usages must some time cease to be taken for granted as sheer products of intelligence and virtue, and must be suspected as in part, at least, the fruits of modern corruption grafted on ancient barbarism. Such a view is no longer dismissed with a Podsnappian wave of the hand at the folly of intellectuals. Rather have the Podsnaps become scared, as Disraeli used to say, at the consequences of their own headstrong timidity; and as social earthquakes are happening around them, they have begun to inquire whether anyone else perhaps knows a little more than they do of the soil and the subsoil on which they have to tread. Our age has developed Mill's thesis in ever fresh ways and with ever fresh examples.

As it continues to do so, the philosophers will come back, as they have always done in the past, very slowly, but very definitely, to their own. They may be poor enough, and ineffective enough, in the execution of their high enterprise. But at least they know what the enterprise is, how indispensable it is, and how, no matter how often it has failed, it must be tried again. Herein lies precisely what their critics never understand. The International Conferences of diplomacy,culminating now each time in an abortion, are a proof of it.

THE LIGHT READING OF DR. JOHNSON

FLORENCE A. SMITH

EVERY great man has his lighter moments. Dr. Johnson composed the "great whale" periods of the *Rambler*, made a *Dictionary* (itself at times very good light reading), edited Shakespeare, and in his old age wrote comfortably mellow and acute *Lives of the Poets*. He was much concerned about politics and religion. Prodded judiciously at intervals by Boswell, he discoursed wisely and wittily on such diverse subjects as matrimony, methods of shaving, and the wretchedness of a sea-life. He noted, as a traveller with an inquiring mind, the treelessness of Scotland and the grossness of French manners. But he had his undress moments, when he was neither author nor sage nor observer, and some of them were spent in reading novels.

An earnest friend recently told me that she felt it a duty to read as many new novels as possible, "in order to understand the spirit of one's own day." Against such an indigestible doctrine of the whole duty of novel-reading Johnson is a formidable and welcome ally. Hawkins implies that theoretically he rather disapproved of novels in general. Certainly his reading of them was desultory. He took what came his way, when he had time or inclination, or when no one was at hand to talk to. Thus, when Mrs. Thrale handed the first volume of *Evelina* in at the window of the coach, he occupied himself with it during his journey to town, found it entertaining, and clamoured for more; but of his own volition he would not have opened it. Once under way, however, he was an ideal novel-reader. No set plan, no book-of-the-month dictation for him! He browsed with glorious

inconsequence, and surrendered wholeheartedly to a book he liked. He read Fielding's *Amelia* through without stopping, and was properly indignant over the heroine's broken nose. He sat up all night over Carleton's *Memoirs*. For the merely whimsical he had little use. Boswell assures us that he "saw the merit of *The Vicar of Wakefield*;" perhaps he did, as a vendible article, but he told Mrs. Thrale that it was "a mere fanciful performance." With the new sentimental school, the brood of Steele and Richardson, he had still less sympathy. Even in Richardson himself it was not the pathos he admired. "Given a sick-bed and a dying lady," he said, "and I'll be pathetic myself." He "found nothing in" Mackenzie's lachrymose *Man of the World*, and he once questioned whether Mrs. Sheridan, another harrowing novelist, had "a right to make your readers suffer so much." He denied pathos to Sterne and relegated *Tristram Shandy* to a limbo of past oddities—"*Tristram Shandy* did not last;" though when Goldsmith once called Sterne a very dull fellow, Johnson answered mildly, "Why, no, Sir."

Some of his preferences must surely have been dictated by personal regard. "Poor Charlotte Lennox" was a woman of some talent who managed to earn bread, without butter, by her pen. The publishers of her poems introduced her to Johnson, and Johnson introduced her to Richardson: "Poor Charlotte Lennox!" continued he, "When we came to the house she desired me to leave her, for, says she, 'I am under great restraint in your presence, but if you leave me alone with Richardson, I'll give you a very good account of him:' however, I fear poor Charlotte was disappointed, for she gave me no account at all!" When Charlotte's first literary child, *The Life of Harriot Stuart*, appeared in December, 1750—one of the very large family of novels which were the offspring of Richard-

son—Johnson "proposed to celebrate the event by a whole night spent in revelry." "Our supper," says Hawkins, for once an adequate substitute for Boswell, "was elegant, and Johnson had directed that a magnificent, hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses; and further, he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which, but not till he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. About five, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade." What things have we seen done at the Mermaid! How many of Mrs. Lennox's novels he actually read one cannot be certain, but after such a beginning he could do no less than stand godfather to the second child by writing the dedication to *The Female Quixote*, especially as it contained high praise of the *Rambler*. And the eleventh chapter of the last book of this novel, described as being "in the author's opinion the best . . . in this history," has been attributed to Johnson himself. Moreover, he paid the lady a graceful and not undeserved compliment by citing her in his *Dictionary* under "talent."

A somewhat unexpected phase of Dr. Johnson's reading is his wholehearted enjoyment of romances. To Bishop Percy we owe the information that from childhood he had a passion for them, though we may be permitted to smile at what follows: "Yet I have heard him attribute to these extravagant fictions that unsettled turn of mind which prevented his ever fixing in any profession." He gave many very excellent reasons for indulging in such trifles; he occasionally read a foreign romance for the language, and he once offered an eloquent account of their value, "the fertility of the language, the beauty of

style and expression." But the real reason why he read them was very simple: he read them because he liked them, and, boy or man, frankly enjoyed the marvellous. With his own childish pleasures in mind, no doubt, he once gave the Langtons some good advice about books for their children, saying that at an early age it was better "to gratify curiosity with wonders than to attempt planting truth before the mind was prepared to receive it, and that therefore Jack the Giant-Killer, Parisenus and Parismenus, and the Seven Champions of Christendom were fitter for them than Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer" (two writers of instructive books for children). Mrs. Thrale tells the same story: "Dr. Johnson used to condemn me for putting Newbery's books into children's hands. 'Babies do not want,' said he, 'to hear about babies but of somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds.' When I urged the numerous editions of *Tommy Prudent* or *Goody Two Shoes*, 'Remember always,' said he, 'that parents buy the books and the children never read them.'" Seneca cannot be too heavy for him, nor Plautus too light! It may have been researches in such grave matters that account for an earlier letter from Oxford: "This little dog [himself] does nothing, but I hope he will mend; he is now reading Jack the Giant-Killer. Perhaps so noble a narrative may rouse in him the soul of enterprise." It rouses in the reader an almost reverent amazement at his whimsicality of resource, to be paralleled only by his refuge against an unwelcome discourse on the conspiracy of Catiline—"I withdrew my attention, and thought about Tom Thumb."

Johnson's reading of fiction earlier than his own day has not much interest. He knew Sidney's *Arcadia*, since he quoted it, though wrongly attributing his quotation to Shakespeare; he "would rather praise than read" Con-

greve's *Incognita*; he admired the Sir Roger de Coverley essays, and he disliked most of Swift, though he found much to praise in *Gulliver's Travels*. Of older English fiction, he spoke most highly of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress*, which he included with *Don Quixote* in a trio of "the only books one would wish to have been longer."

Some of these last-mentioned works are perhaps not strictly novels, and certainly not according to Johnson's own conservative and slightly contemptuous definition in the *Dictionary*, in 1755, when he described the novel as "a small tale, generally of love," a definition nearer to Congreve than to his own time. His definition of romance, on the other hand, is broad enough to include anything from Malory to Stevenson, or beyond: "a military fable of the Middle Ages; a tale of wild adventures in war and love; a lie; a fiction." He has the usual complaint of novel-readers to make about the lack of imagination in novels and romances: "There are very few of which the end cannot be conjectured from the beginning; or where the authors have done more than to transpose the incident of other tales, or strip the circumstances from one event for the decoration of another." A few years later he puts the case more favourably: "Fancy, led by the hand of a skilful guide, treads over again the flowery path she has often trod before, as much enamoured with each new diversification of the same prospect, as with the first appearance of it." At one time, indeed, he discounted the difficulties of narrative, but his last remark on the subject is that it is much easier to form dialogues than to contrive adventures. "Every man who has tried" (as Johnson himself had), "knows how much labour it will cost to form such a combination of circumstances as shall have at once the grace of novelty and

credibility, and delight fancy without violation to reason." It is personal experience also which explains his defence of allegory in stories. He himself, no novelist by instinct, turned naturally to allegorical narrative when he wished to "convey instruction in a grateful vehicle." Personal again are the blunt statements that "writing for money is the only motive for writing that I know of," and "a man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it," plain common sense which reminds one inevitably of Trollope. There was no nonsense about Johnson, no talk of the craft of fiction, no thought of art for art's sake.

These, however, are only scattered pronouncements, drawn from the fringes of the subject. Johnson's one important declaration of faith on the matter of novels and novel-writing is to be found in the fourth number of the *Rambler*, for March 31, 1750, and it is inspired, rightly enough, by *Clarissa* and *Tom Jones*, both of which had appeared since 1747, the first authentic specimens of the modern novel, finished works of art for which *Pamela* and *Joseph Andrews* might be considered preliminary sketches. Smollett had also, in 1748, published *Roderick Random*, destined to be almost equally influential, though as an extended development of the picaresque less original in kind. Of it Johnson took no heed then or later, nor did he apparently go back to the earlier works of Richardson and Fielding, but with *Clarissa* and *The History of Tom Jones* he had evidently made acquaintance, and he was perfectly conscious that here were not only two new books, but a new literary species. Accordingly he noted that "the works of fiction with which the present generation seems more particularly delighted are such as exhibit life in its true state, diversified only by accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by passions and qualities which are really to be found in conversing with

mankind." In writing thus he is evidently thinking of *Tom Jones*, and in referring somewhat contemptuously to the improbability of romances, he implied approval of realism. But in his capacity of moral essayist he voiced a warning that writers of fiction, since their books "are written chiefly to the young, the ignorant, and the idle," must be deeply conscious of their moral responsibility, greater than formerly inasmuch as "in the romances every transaction and sentiment was so remote from all that passes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any application to himself," whereas "when an adventurer is levelled with the rest of the world, and acts in such scenes of the universal drama as may be the lot of any other man, young spectators fix their eyes upon him with closer attention, and hope, by observing his behaviour and success, to regulate their own practices, when they shall be engaged in the like part." Hence it follows also that "familiar histories may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality," and the author "must imitate only those parts of nature which are most proper for imitation." These "solemnities of professed morality" seem to reflect Richardson, but the use of the word "history" and the general strain of warning mingled with commendation suggest *Tom Jones*. It is to be noted also that Johnson in this essay uses the terms "fiction," "romance," "familiar history," but not "novel." Such labels were still employed very casually and indiscriminately; but in the introductory chapters of *Tom Jones* Fielding had described his "history" as a "prosai-comic epic writing," had discussed the unities, and insisted on the necessity of keeping within the rules of probability. This must surely have been in Johnson's mind when, evidently casting about for some satisfactory definition, he said: "This kind of writing

may be termed not improperly the comedy of romance, and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comic poetry." Such a definition chimes with that of Fielding; it even looks forward to Meredith. It can hardly be applied to Richardson. Yet Richardson was emphatically Johnson's favourite. "There is more knowledge of the human heart," he said, "in one letter of Richardson than in all *Tom Jones*," and Hannah More was once scolded for having quoted *Tom Jones*—"I am sorry to hear you have read it, a confession which no modest lady should ever make." Everyone knows the famous comparison he made between them: "There was as great a difference . . . as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate." He once expressed it less picturesquely, but more exactly: "There is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners; and there is the difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson." Thus Johnson's predilection for Richardson was not due entirely to his concern for morality; neither was it the result of lack of humour, though he was once unhappy in a metaphor regarding the portly little bookseller when, "speaking of the French novels, compared with Richardson's, he said they might be pretty baubles, but a wren was not an eagle." It is a sign of Johnson's constant pre-occupation with essentials, with the heart of man rather than the external shows of the comedy of manners; and it is a distinction between two schools of realism which remains valuable.

So much for Johnson's scattered criticism on the novels of his own day, or at least of his own early and middle years. There remain two interesting opinions which seem to connect him with a later age. First comes his several-times repeated statement in the *Journey to the Western Islands*, that in such scenes "the fictions of

Gothic romances were not so remote from credibility as they are now thought," and that "these castles afford another evidence that the fictions of romantic chivalry had for their basis the real manners of the feudal times." Perhaps, after all, he had read *The Castle of Otranto*; at any rate he must again be justifying his boyhood's favourites. It is entirely probable that Johnson would have welcomed the Wizard of the North, even though a Scot; to adapt a phrase from Carlyle, a curious vein of romance lay struggling about in him. And lastly there is his warm, even ecstatic praise of Fanny Burney. It is true that in his admiration there is an element of surprise, a semi-fatherly interest in an attractive young woman who has unexpectedly done something clever. But he did not know Fanny personally when he first read *Evelina*, and in the midst of the almost exaggerated expressions of his pleasure in the book which she recorded with such naïve and natural delight there is some judicious criticism. Evelina herself, though a "charming creature," was not the cause of his enjoyment; above all he admired the comic scenes and characters, and "there are passages which might do honour to Richardson," "there is nothing so delicately finished in all Harry Fielding's works." Johnson was right when he found Miss Burney "an extraordinary proof of woman's increasing importance in literature." He was right when he said that nothing like *Evelina* had appeared for years; he might indeed have said, nothing like it before. Moreover, of all the novels published in his life-time, *Evelina* probably comes closest to his own tentative definition of the novel as a comedy of romance. Since that is so, and since he enjoyed *Evelina* and her duller sister *Cecilia* (crude and schoolgirlish as they are apt to appear even when their creator is at her best), with what delight would he have welcomed *Emma* and the incomparable Elizabeth Bennet!

One is tempted to press further, and confront Johnson with later generations of novelists, with Victorian respectabilities and modern clevernesses. Trollope he would surely approve—Trollope was of the same good English stuff as himself—though he might feel it necessary to remind him that "the character of a clergyman is more sacred than that of an ordinary Christian." In Colonel Newcome he would certainly find the true workings of the heart. He would like Mr. Pickwick, and as a good Londoner approve of Dickens's gallery of London oddities, but he would reprehend his too frequent sentimentality and tawdriness of style. *Treasure Island* he would have had by heart as a boy, and his Jacobite soul would respond to Stevenson's romances of the '45. The brilliant social satire of *The Egoist* would strike him as a theme, with too many showers of variations, on "the comedy of romance;" and very often Meredith would seem to him to be only weaving nets to catch the wind. Something in his own melancholy would respond to Hardy's pessimism, but *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* would lie under the heavy charge of impiety, if not blasphemy.

And the novels of the twentieth century? "Sir, it was good enough, but I have not read the sequels," he might say to some of our plenitude of family histories to the third and fourth generations; "What is your drift, Sir?" to some of the outpourings of the stream of consciousness. As for James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence, Richard Aldington and Aldous Huxley, he would be on the side of the angels of the censorship: "Obscenity and impiety have always been repressed in my presence." He might even come, in the end of the day, to feel that of the making of over-serious novels there was no end, and take to detective stories—that purest form of modern fiction—for a nightcap.

REVIEWS

EDITH WHARTON*

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

In his monograph on Edith Wharton, Professor Brown has given us one of those comprehensive, detailed, and masterly critical studies fostered by the Sorbonne as requirements for the degree of *docteur ès lettres*,—studies which represent so much riper and broader a scholarship than the minutely "scientific" and limited theses offered in German universities for the advanced degree. Mr. Brown's *Edith Wharton* is, like Las Vergnas's recent work on Thackeray, a notable example of the genre. It is written in flexible and idiomatic French, without pretension, but in the easy tone of an informed cosmopolite and man of the world, aware of the larger cultural and aesthetic bearings of his subject. The entire body of Mrs. Wharton's writings is studied, under suitable classifications, in an independent critical spirit, and with sufficient regard for its relation to the writing of the period, to the reading public of her time and ours, and to the opinion of competent critics. Mr. Brown's judgments are sober, well-weighed, and finely discriminating, especially as regards the relative merit of Mrs. Wharton's various works. He is particularly subtle and illuminating in all that concerns technique, as is proper in discussing a writer for whom matters of form are of such paramount importance. He skilfully applies Mrs. Wharton's own critical theories in the classification of her stories and in the detailed analysis of her technique. He holds her up to her own ideal standard, often discovering minor faults of construction even in works which he classes among her best, such as *Ethan Frome* and *The Custom of the Country*. It is this close examination of individual works which I have found most exciting and rewarding in Mr. Brown's study. He is well aware of the falling-off in Mrs. Wharton's work since 1920 and the dimming of her reputation with the growing dominance in American fiction of new and alien ideals; and he undertakes, with admirable method and good judgment, to gauge her historical importance and her chances of survival.

My own estimate of Mrs. Wharton's achievement is somewhat lower than Mr. Brown's. And while his individual judgments are

**Edith Wharton: Étude critique*, by E. K. Brown, Librairie E. Droz, Paris.

so invariably just and critical, I have an impression that the sum of his pronouncements is to make her seem a somewhat greater figure than she is. A careless reader of his study might conclude that this follower of Balzac, as she curiously considered herself, shared in measurable degree the power of that master; or that the eclipse of her reputation was chiefly owing to the emergence of new schools of taste; whereas her real enemy is time, and the main reason why she "dates" so much more than Jane Austen or Arnold Bennett is that she does not have their staying power. The careless reader might suppose that she had a really first-rate genius for creating characters—that John Campton has something of the vitality of (say) Michael Henchard, or Sophy Viner something of Odette de Crécy's. Mr. Brown does not himself take any of these dubious positions, but he does not decisively rule them out. And he does not strongly underscore Mrs. Wharton's limitations on the side of humanity. One reason why she dates, it seems to me, is that she does not build on a broad enough emotional basis. Her weakness does not lie simply in her want of concern for social reform, but in her want of feeling for the passions, moral and otherwise, involved in all programmes of reform. She is mainly concerned, in her characters, with their vulgarity or fineness of grain, and that is for most people a secondary consideration. Mr. Brown has established beyond doubt that Edith Wharton is a resolute satirist of "society," infallible in her discrimination between the plutocrat and the aristocrat. But I cannot get it out of my head that, in her conception of the aristocrat, there is a sensible residuum of snobbishness—all the more insidious for its spiritual or sentimental disguise. She often makes me feel that the nice feelings flourish best in expensive settings and that it takes five generations of robber barons to turn out an honest woman.

In any case, it is right, in a study of so distinguished an artist as Edith Wharton, that the main emphasis should be placed, where Mr. Brown places it, on her positive contributions to our culture and our enlightened entertainment. The socialism of Hyacinth Robinson in *The Princess Casamassima* was sapped by the strong sense he had of the treasures of beauty and fine living accumulated by the social system which he hated. Edith Wharton is so *civilized* an artist that she casts her spell over all but the sternest of Marxians; and it is as an exponent of Western civilization that Mr. Brown finds in her the congenial object of his admiration. No one

is better fitted than he to make us appreciate, not merely her mastery of the technique of story-telling, but her primacy in American fiction in all that concerns form and good form. She is second only to Henry James and the New England poets as a conveyor of the cultural heritage of Europe. Mr. Brown appropriately closes his study with a reference to the lively sense she has of "the presence of the past." It would be rank ingratitude to scold her for wanting, what is so rare among even great novelists, a sense of the future.

Mr. Brown's monograph is provided with an admirable bibliography both of Edith Wharton's works and of works dealing with her. To the latter must now be added his own study as the most authoritative and the most definitive.

MILTON AND HIS AGE

A. S. P. Woodhouse

Few debates are more thoroughly idle than those which circle endlessly around the question of *the poet's* relation to his age or the narrower issue of the place of his conscious thinking in his poetry. Such matters can be decided only for a particular poet, and by evidence, not by argument. An answer in general terms cannot be valid; for it rests on a colossal assumption—that the poetic process is simple, not complex, and that the relation of one poet to his age is identical with that of another; and this assumption is equally false whether it is used to bolster up a claim that no poet can be understood out of his temporal relations, or that poetry is *sui generis* and has nothing to do with the poet's environment, conviction, and opinion. In criticism, as elsewhere, extremes meet; and he who rebukes the student of Milton's theology for fancying that he is studying Milton's poetry, is at bottom guilty of the same error, the error of over-simplification and premature pronouncement. Only when the study of Milton's theology is completed and has been followed by a fresh and unprejudiced reading of his poetry can anyone tell what the relation between them really is. Meanwhile, the student of Milton's thought has one advantage over his critic—a strong incentive to

go on collecting facts which he or someone else may be able to use; for by facts, and not by argument, the issue will at last be decided.

* * *

Though only three of the works listed below[1] bear directly on Milton, they indicate fairly clearly the stage reached in the investigation of his thought and that of his age; and in this aspect I propose to discuss them.

No student of Milton can withhold his tribute of grateful praise from the superb edition of his writings produced by the Columbia University Press under the general editorship of Professor F. A. Patterson. Of the need for a new edition there can be no question, for neither the Bohn edition of the Prose nor the Mitford of the Prose and Poetry makes any pretence to critical exactitude. The first is definitely disagreeable in format, and both are long out of print. By the pious labour of his American editors and the munificence of a great university press, Milton now appears with all the accuracy and all the sober grandeur that he deserves: indeed no English poet can rival him save only Spenser, the object of such another memorial in the great Variorum edition now in progress. Four volumes of the Columbia Milton are devoted to the *De Doctrina Christiana*, edited by Professor J. H. Hanford, the most distinguished of living Milton scholars, and Professor W. H.

[1]Milton's *De Doctrina Christiana*, edited by James Holly Hanford and Waldo Hilary Dunn (*The Works of John Milton*, Columbia University Press, vols. XIV-XVII).

"Milton's De Doctrina Christiana," by Arthur Sewell (*Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association*, vol. XIX, collected by D. Nichol Smith, Clarendon Press, pp. 40-66).

The Seventeenth Century Background: Studies in the Thought of the Age in Relation to Poetry and Religion, by Basil Willey, Chatto and Windus (Gundy).

Orthodoxy in Massachusetts, by Perry Miller, Harvard University Press.

Anglicanism: The Thought and Practice of the Church of England illustrated from the Religious Literature of the Seventeenth Century, edited by Paul Elmer More and Frank Leslie Cross, Morehouse Publishing Company, Milwaukee.

Peter Sterry, Platonist and Puritan, by Vivian de Sola Pinto, Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

Strictly speaking, of course, such a group of publications in no sense renders obsolete earlier works in the field, *e.g.*, Denis Saurat, *Milton, Man and Thinker*; H. J. C. Grierson, *Cross Currents in English Literature of the Seventeenth Century*; F. J. Powicke, *The Cambridge Platonists*; Ernst Cassirer, *Die Platonische Renaissance in England*; to which must be added a host of learned articles by Professor Hanford, the late Professor Greenlaw, Miss Nicholson, and others.

Dunn, who has gained his spurs in other fields. Besides a critical text based on the manuscript and on Bishop Sumner's edition of 1825, the volumes include Sumner's masterly translation and learned notes (the latter corrected and augmented), a brief preface by the editors, and a record of the additions and alterations in the manuscript; the whole forming a *corpus* indispensable to the student of Milton's thought.

Mr. Sewell's essay (written before the appearance of Hanford and Dunn's edition) seeks to demonstrate that the *De Doctrina*, as we have it, is not the doctrinal guide used in the composition of *Paradise Lost*, but a later state thereof, and thus raises a chronological problem of the first importance for an understanding not only of these two works but of the whole evolution of Milton's theological thinking; to which we must return.

Mr. Willey's *Seventeenth Century Background*, while rather disappointing in its treatment of Milton, sketches more fully than has yet been attempted the intellectual setting in which he thought and wrote. The volume surveys the period from Bacon to Locke, concentrating upon the impact of new ideas on the literary mind. Its emphasis is orthodox: the dominating fact in the century's history is the new philosophy and its conflict with the old. The first chapter deals with "The Rejection of Scholasticism;" the second with "Bacon and the Rehabilitation of Nature." In the third, on Sir Thomas Browne, we hear much of the "unified sensibility" of the Metaphysicals, which enabled them to comprehend the new philosophy without relinquishing their grasp of the old and to perform such daring feats with juxtaposed ideas and images.[2] Here, however, the book breaks up into a series of more or less isolated

[2]Loyalty to Mr. Eliot, who has done much for our better understanding of the seventeenth century, leads Mr. Willey to talk of the unified sensibility of Donne and Browne, but he is not quite at ease in so doing and brings his statement appreciably nearer the facts when he says: "I think that something of the peculiar quality of the Metaphysical mind is due to its not being finally committed to any one world. Instead, it could hold them all in a loose synthesis together, yielding itself, as only a mind in free poise can, to the passion of detecting analogies and correspondences between them." This is patently a much better description of Browne than of Donne, who are not really alike. In Donne the synthesis is not merely loose but evanescent, and he gives the effect of oscillating between two worlds—"one dead, the other [for him at least] powerless to be born." Donne's sensibility is not unified, but merely multiform. If one calls it unified, what term can be reserved for the sensibility of Spenser or, for that matter, of Shakespeare?

studies of the effect of the new scientific spirit in different departments of thought: "On Scripture Interpretation" (a good section on Milton here); "The Philosophical Quest for Truth" (one chapter on Descartes, which would have been much improved by a reading of Miss Nicolson's study of the early influence of Descartes in England; and another on Hobbes); "Rational Theology" (a welcome chapter on Lord Herbert under this heading instead of the usual "Father of Deism," and another on the Platonists); and so to a chapter on Glanvill, and thus by an easy transition to Sprat's *History of the Royal Society* ("I know of no work which more fully illustrates the climate of opinion in post-Restoration days"). But the subject of the chapter is "The Heroic Poem in a Scientific Age," and Sprat comes in with Dryden and Hobbes to make clear the prevailing attitude towards science and poetry, reason and imagination, in the period. Thus the reader is brought to *Paradise Lost* and the main treatment of Milton, which is not altogether satisfactory, but which keeps, at whatever cost to Mr. Willey's thesis, a firm grip on essential facts: "It is true that Milton's outlook seems never to have been influenced by the post-Restoration and Royal Society atmosphere; he had nothing about him of the 'experimental philosopher.' Indeed his work is much like an isolated volcano thrusting up through the philosophic plains and drawing its fires from deeper and older levels of spiritual energy." The survey ends on the significance of Locke for religion and poetry.

This is the new literary history as Cambridge conceives it, with due emphasis at last upon the history of thought and with a systematic analysis of what Mr. Willey (after Glanvill) names "the climate of opinion." To realize the progress of thirty years, one has only to compare it with Saintsbury's "running—and leaping—commentaries" (as they have been happily called), or better still, the chaotic *Cambridge History*, or (alas) those sad jumbles of biography, social history, and literary criticism, which continue to "fall still-born from the press" in perpetuation of a bad and outworn tradition. Not that Mr. Willey achieves completely our ideal of what literary history should be. If it were not bad strategy to criticize an ally and ungracious to ask more of one who has done so much, we might observe that he seems to be imperfectly submerged in the documents of his period: his eye roves rather alarmingly from the seventeenth to the twentieth century

and rests with a sort of fascination on his own Cambridge,—where Sir James Jeans reigns in Newton's stead, and Mr. I. A. Richards (the sphinx of the new Thebes) addresses the passer-by, and where the initiated can freely cultivate a "unified sensibility," for they know that the eternal verities are safe in the keeping of Mr. T. S. Eliot.[3] This is very well in its way, but a little distracting to an historian; and there are some temporarily important features of the seventeenth century that Mr. Willey misses: the whole struggle between Puritan and Anglican (with its political and philosophical implications) is one of them.

At this point, Mr. Perry Miller's *Orthodoxy in Massachusetts* furnishes a valuable supplement; for he writes, as prologue to his main theme, four luminous chapters on Puritanism in England before the outbreak of the Civil War. His effort is limited to making clear the attitude of the different Puritan parties, conformist and nonconformist, to the royal supremacy, "discipline out of the word," uniformity, and toleration. But so thorough is his knowledge of the period that one quits the chapters (and indeed the whole book) with a sharpened sense of the Puritan mind. Nor is it his knowledge alone which ministers to this desirable end; he writes from a point of view confessedly rare among historians and best presented in his own words:

> I lay myself open to the charge of being so very naïve as to believe that the way men think has some influence upon their actions, of not remembering that these ways of thinking have been officially decided by modern psychologists to be generally just so many "rationalizations" constructed by the subconscious to disguise the pursuit of more tangible ends. In part I might take refuge behind the contention that a specialized study is, after all, specialized, that other aspects of the story can easily be found in other works. The field of intellectual or religious history may, I presume, be considered as legitimate a field for research and speculation as that of economic or political. But I am prepared to waive such a defence and hazard the thesis that whatever may be the case in other centuries, in the sixteenth and seventeenth certain men of decisive importance took religion seriously; that they often follow spiritual dictates in comparative disregard of ulterior considerations; that those who led the Great Migration to Massachusetts and who founded the colony were predominantly men of this stamp.

[3]Mr. Willey is nothing if not a loyal disciple. In studying a man's philosophy (he remarks) one must look for its ground work in the emotional set of his whole life and not in mere intellectual conviction; and he adds that he owes this idea to Dr. Richards—who arrived at it through an investigation of the Chinese!

Here is a principle which might well become the basis for a whole series of special studies in the history of Puritanism.

Much more fully the deficiency of *The Seventeenth Century Background* in respect of Anglicanism is made good by the seven hundred and eighty pages of documents presented in the collection of Mr. Paul Elmer More and the Rev. Frank Leslie Cross, whose appearance Mr. T. S. Eliot has called an event "almost as important for literature as for theology." The history of seventeenth-century England is still so dominated by the Whig tradition that the Church is not only habitually misjudged but (what is much worse) honestly misunderstood. No one will comprehend either the Church herself or the later phases of the Puritan revolt against her unless he realizes that in the seventeenth century she was emerging from the amorphous state into which she had been cast at the Reformation; that out of the practical compromise of the Elizabethan settlement there had come a corporate church with its own peculiar *ethos*, differentiated sharply from Geneva and from Rome:

> But, dearest Mother, what those miss,
> The mean, thy praise and glory is,
> And long may be.
> Blessed be God whose love it was
> To double-moat thee with His grace—
> And none but thee!

Her philosophy was broadly founded by Hooker, who (as Mr. Miller remarks, not without a quiet smile) taught her defenders to justify the Establishment "upon a sort of cosmic basis"—but taught them also to eschew the infallibility of "Rome which cannot, and Geneva which will not, err," and so made way for the Anglican appeal to reason. This appeal is best understood in the light of Sir Thomas Browne's remark (strangely omitted by the editors): "There is no church whose every part so squares unto my conscience, whose articles, constitutions and customs seem so consonant unto reason . . . as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of England. . . . Where the scripture is silent the Church is my text; where that speaks 'tis but my comment. Where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but the dictates of my own reason." It was no arid rationalism (we may be sure) which won the author of *Religio Medici* or which was the real tie that bound the Cambridge Platonists to the

Church. Through the mazes of mistaken policy and temporary disaster the Anglican feeling for *reason and the rights of the human spirit* shines like a golden thread—the glory of that church (says Tulloch), the secret of its comprehension of Humanism (says Grierson).

In the collection, the Anglo-Catholic party gets its full emphasis, as is very proper (whether one's attention is confined to the seventeenth century or, like the editors', looks on to 1833 and after); but it is possible that the other schools of thought represented respectively by Ussher and Reynolds, by Chillingworth and Hales, and by the Platonists with such allies as Glanvill and Patrick, receive less than their due emphasis.[4] Especially one regrets the absence of Glanvill's brilliant account of the Church in the interregnum, which might well have replaced Mr. F. R. Arnott's amateurish essay on "Anglicanism in the Seventeenth Century." Nothing, on the other hand, could replace Mr. Paul Elmer More's own contribution, "The Spirit of Anglicanism," which presents the most penetrating philosophical account of the *Via Media* we have ever seen, and by its high thought and clear dignity claims kin with Hooker and with Newman. One other feature of the book deserves special praise, the final section devoted to "Caroline Piety;" for among other marks of its newly achieved identity, the seventeenth-century Church developed a specifically Anglican form of saintliness, easy to illustrate from Herbert or Walton or Taylor, but not easy to define. It is active and practical rather than mystical or contemplative. It is strongly ethical in emphasis. It is institutional and catholic, up to a certain point, in its reliance on the Church, her services and sacraments, but at the same time it is personal, and one might almost say evangelical: Herbert's dependence on the Church is written large on his volume *The Temple*, but the deepest cry of his soul is in a poem like "The Collar," where, no institution supervening, the individual is face to face with his Lord. There is an Anglican piety just as surely as there is a Puritan and a Roman Catholic piety in the seventeenth century, and it is marked on the whole by the English qualities of reticence, practicality, and an unobtrusive adherence to the golden mean.

[4]There is here perhaps some unwillingness to admit that the Broad and Low Church parties are still with us and also have their roots in the seventeenth century.

These qualities are as evident in the Cambridge Platonists as in the simpler and less intellectual piety of Walton, Herbert, and Taylor. If More and Cross are right in claiming the Platonists in part for Anglicanism (and I think they are), it is by virtue of their instinctive sympathy with the rationality and moderation of the basic Anglican creed. Their general importance in the period is witnessed by their inclusion in three of the books under review; for Mr. de Sola Pinto's *Peter Sterry* comes in to remind us that Cambridge Platonism had its specifically Puritan wing, where (perhaps significantly) rationalism gave place to a kind of mysticism, and final reliance was not on reason, "the candle of the Lord," but on some more elusive "inner light."

We have moved, apparently, far from Milton. But it is against the varied seventeenth-century background presented in these volumes that Milton must be read: the multiplicity of his relations with the thought of his age is attested by the power of every one of them to illuminate his thinking by analogy, or to suggest some conflict of opinion that is scarcely less enlightening. To Milton himself, however, we must briefly (because belatedly) turn.

* * *

The *Christian Doctrine* is our chief source of knowledge regarding Milton's heresies. Professor Larson has shown that, by an ordinance of 1648, the book (if published) would have laid him open to five capital charges and eight involving imprisonment. This fact, together with similarities discoverable in the reports of Thomas Edwards (1646) and the writings of contemporary heretics (notably John Bidle), serves to remind us that Milton's heresies are for the most part not peculiar to him, but represent a more scholarly and rational version of opinions fairly widely held among the sectaries —a phase of the seventeenth-century background not dealt with in any of the books under review. One of the tasks of Milton scholarship is the further investigation of this subject.

Another is the effort to determine the relation of the *De Doctrina* to Milton's other writings. M Saurat and Professor Larson have worked on the assumption that the *De Doctrina* and *Paradise Lost* can be drawn on indiscriminately for the elucidation of Milton's theology and metaphysics, and Professor Hanford has emphasized the close relation between these two works.[5] This assumption I

[5]See D. Saurat, *op. cit.*; M. A. Larson, *The Modernity of Milton*; H. J. Hanford, "The Date of Milton's *De Doctrina*" (*Studies in Philology*, XVII, p. 318).

strongly question; and Mr. Sewell voices a similar objection, but on quite different grounds. In his view the revised *De Doctrina* belongs to a period subsequent to *Paradise Lost* and represents, in its most striking pronouncements, the latest development of Milton's thought. It must be conceded that his hypothesis squares perfectly with the physical state of the manuscript. But this is not enough if it can be shown that some other hypothesis would also square with the state of the manuscript; for example the hypothesis that, as Hanford suggests, Milton may have thrown the completed work aside when the Restoration nullified all hope of its effective publication—and Sewell meets none of Hanford's weighty, though not conclusive, arguments for 1660 as the *terminus ad quem*.[6] On the other hand, Sewell's hypothesis receives some support, where the other encounters difficulty, in the fact that some of the alterations seem to indicate, as compared with the original and with *Paradise Lost*, a further crystallizing of Milton's anti-trinitarian opinions. Not all of Sewell's interpretations of *Paradise Lost* (as Dr. Maurice Kelley has shown[7]) will bear analysis; still on one or two points he remains, I think, unassailable. The final solution must await further investigation.

But meanwhile, there are six questions that I should like to ask: (1) Whether it is not conceivable that Milton in some degree swung back towards orthodoxy, in which case the alterations in question would simply mark the extreme of his temporary advance towards Arianism; (2) Whether this suggestion is not supported by the distance at which *Paradise Regained* stands (as Hanford says) from the points of controversial theology raised in the *De Doctrina*, and by the unreserved affirmation of Christ's divinity[8] with which the poem concludes—for the *Christian Doctrine* can scarcely be later than *Paradise Regained*; (3) Whether *Paradise Lost* does not, in the main, present a different solution of the problem—for Milton it was a problem—of the Trinity from that advanced in the *De Doctrina*, namely, a Modal Trinity, three manifestations of a single Deity, in which the element of distinct personality was much less

[6]We do not *know* that Milton contemplated its posthumous publication or that he ever entrusted it to Skinner with that or any other object. Hanford has shown the probability that the dedication was penned some time before the Restoration, and not shortly before Milton's death.

[7]See *T.L.S.*, Sept. 6, Nov. 29, Dec. 6, 1934; Feb. 21, 1935.

[8]Though with no word of his equality with the Father, it is true.

prominent and the question of separate essences could not arise; whether this doctrine (also found elsewhere in the period) once accepted, anyone would be likely thereafter to retreat on the crudely anthropomorphic and irrational opinion of the *De Doctrina*; (4) Whether it is not a striking fact that *De Doctrina's* heretical views of the nature of the Second Person and what one can only call its blasphemous attack on the very existence of the Third Person (as well as its opinions on the mortality of the soul and on polygamy) are closely paralleled in other writings of the 1650's; (5) Whether the account of the process of creation given in *Paradise Lost* does not represent a distinct advance upon—an elaboration of—the account given in the *Christian Doctrine*; (6) Whether finally, it is not a fact that we know absolutely nothing of Milton's plans for the publication of the *De Doctrina* (which actually remained unpublished for a century and a half after his death) and hence of how far, and when, he wished it to be regarded as embodying his final opinion; whereas we know that he himself published *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* as the works to which his whole mature effort in poetry had been bent. As well as squaring with the physical state of the manuscript a hypothesis that would become more than a hypothesis must be able to return some satisfactory answer to these—and perhaps to many other such questions.

LAW AND CUSTOM IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH[1]

E. C. S. Wade

Professor Kennedy is well known among teachers of law for the work which he has accomplished in the Honour School of Law in his own university, where he has, we believe, succeeded in establishing as broad a basis for legal education as is to be found in any law school in the Empire. He is known as a firm believer in the "study of law amid the intellectual clash of University faculties." We watch with special interest the growth of a graduate law school at Toronto under his guidance and inspira-

[1] *The Law and Custom of the South African Constitution*, by W. P. M. Kennedy and H. J. Schlosberg, Oxford University Press.
Essays in Constitutional Law, by W. P. M. Kennedy, Oxford University Press.

tion.[2] But he is even better known as a writer on constitutional topics and lately as an adviser of the Dominion government upon the thorny problems of constitutional amendment. As an author, from studies in Tudor history, law, and administration he has advanced, by way of disquisitions on ecclesiastical doctrine, to the position he now occupies as the leading authority upon the constitutional law and history of the Dominion of Canada. To this he has lately added the accomplishment of an authoritative work of generous dimensions on the law and custom of the South African constitution. In this task he has been aided by a colleague from the Union—Mr. H. J. Schlosberg, the author of *The King's Republics* and several works upon South African law. The present review is chiefly concerned with this latest work.

It was a happy thought which inspired the joint authorship of *The Law and Custom of the South African Constitution*. The combination of a Professor of Law from the sister Dominion, with its longer tradition of self-government, and a Union lawyer with an established reputation as a text-book writer, has produced a volume which fulfils a definite requirement in legal literature. In addition to a full and critical exposition of the organs of the Union's constitution and provincial administration, the book gives a concise account of the early constitutional history of the four provinces, as well as of the events which culminated in the National Convention and the subsequent enactment of the South Africa Act by the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The secrecy which surrounded the deliberations of the Convention presented the authors with a considerable obstacle, but they have as successfully as could be expected penetrated the veil which hid those epoch-making deliberations.

The parts dealing with the government of the natives and the external relations of the Union are among the most valuable features of the book. The advantages of joint authorship in each case are apparent. The Canadian professor can view the ever-present problem of a European minority, ruling a land where the native population outnumbers the white man by five to one, more dispassionately than the least biased of local authors, though

[2]In passing we may congratulate Professor Kennedy upon the appearance early in the present year of the first number of the *University of Toronto Law Journal*, of which he is the founder and editor-in-chief. If the first number is a foretaste of what is to come, the journal should quickly take its place in the front rank of legal periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic.

the latter can alone bring to the study of the problem actual acquaintance with prevailing conditions. In the result, criticism of administration of native affairs is not spared. The same influence, we surmise, is responsible for the criticism of provincial government, and proposals for its improvement; frequent comparisons are suggested with the provincial system in Canada—comparisons which have considerable historical value, notwithstanding the essentially unitary character of the Union constitution. The chapters dealing with the external relations of the Union are enriched by the experienced pen of a critic who has made his reputation as an authority on imperial constitutional law in another part of the British Commonwealth.

In many respects the constitution of the Union is the most interesting among the Dominion constitutions. The circumstance of recent combatants in war agreeing upon a common form of government despite differences of nation and tongue is too well known to need emphasis, as is the way in which the Union has implemented in full the legal consequences of the Statute of Westminster. The steps taken in this connection we believe to have been taken with the cordial concurrence of His Majesty's government in the United Kingdom and, so far from weakening the friendly relations between the two governments, they seem definitely to have drawn their countries closer together.

Readers of the QUARTERLY may number amongst them some who are interested in the constitutional problems of the Union; to such we would in particular commend the following features of Kennedy and Schlosberg's work.

1. *The Judicial System.* Concentration of inferior jurisdiction in trained magistrates has been preferred to law administered by lay justices. At present there is no court of criminal appeal to deal with convictions for serious crime.

2. *Native Administration.* This takes the form of executive despotism, thus presenting the phenomenon of Crown Colony government in a state which enjoys responsible self-government. The authors observe that executive despotism is not the necessary result of the (almost total) absence of native political representation. They suggest that the two could exist side by side. But the history of Crown Colony rule hardly supports this.

3. *Provincial Administration.* The substitution of local government proper for the existing provincial councils is an interesting

suggestion for the solution of a difficult problem, but the authors have also suggested an amendment of the South Africa Act providing for the reform of provincial constitutions. This amendment, if adopted, would give the provinces more power than they now have and thus relieve the Union parliament and executive of minor governmental functions at a time when the work of the central government is necessarily increasing. In other words, while the present form of provincial government is hard to justify, there is a strong case for strengthening its powers to make it worth while. The alternative is to substitute local government and abandon government by units so large as the provinces. The former solution is the one for which the authors express a preference.

4. *Inter-Imperial and other External Relations.* These chapters are to a large extent a general description of such relations; they cover the progress of the British Commonwealth in these matters in a wholly admirable way.

We have but one general criticism to make. Most writers on constitutional topics are guilty of straining the meaning of "law and custom of the constitution." The authors of the present work are among this company; in particular we are disposed to suggest that it would have been wiser to have omitted the brief summary of private law.

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Essays in Constitutional Law, dedicated to the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett as Prime Minister, consists of articles or addresses dating between 1921 and 1933 and may be regarded as complementary to Professor Kennedy's *Constitution of Canada*. The first essay, "Theories of Law and the Constitutional Law of the British Empire" (1929), is a brilliant discourse which moves rapidly over the growth and triumph of the common law of England before passing to developments between 1620 and 1763 beyond the realm. The purpose is to emphasize the existence of two mutually opposed theories of law in the middle of the eighteenth century. At no period of colonial history was parliamentary sovereignty, satisfying though it came to be to the domestic constitutional life of England, understood in the colonies, let alone accepted. Thus the fate of the Empire was subordinated to the legal powers of Parliament. The history of Canada during the period 1791-1849 shows how slowly came the realization that colonial claims for rights could not be answered by the plea that sovereignty is indivisible. Then

to the rescue came the *laissez-faire* philosophy of law, with its vital reactions which demanded the dissolution of the Empire. But the era of the collectivist principle in law supersedes *laissez-faire*. By social consent the Commonwealth as well as the state achieves its ends. This brilliant survey concludes with a plea for sanity in working Dominion autonomy. The second essay, "The Nature of Canadian Federalism" (1921), seeks to prove that the Canadian constitution is truly federal. It includes a closely reasoned difference of opinion with the views of Lord Haldane (expressed in the Colonial Sugar Refining Company's Case—an Australian appeal to the Judicial Committee—and elsewhere). The third is concerned with the disallowance of provincial legislation. The fourth, "Law and Custom in the Canadian Constitution," shows how differently federation has worked from the intentions of the framers of the British North America Act; this essay was written before the Aviation and Radio Cases of 1932. The English lawyer who dares to cross swords with such expert opinion as that of Professor Kennedy, may doubt whether it is, if ever it was, strictly correct to say that the real residuum of powers rests either with the provinces under their exclusive power over property and civil rights within the province or is unprovided for in the Act. There is in the United Kingdom an impression that the recent decision in the British Coal Corporation Case may be regretted by other provinces than Quebec. If any substantial body of opinion in Canada still favours appeals to the Judicial Committee, it must be largely because it fears greater encroachments upon the powers of provincial legislatures by the Canadian Supreme Court, should the right of appeal in civil cases be abolished.

Of the remaining essays, "Some Aspects of Canadian and Australian Federal Constitutional Law," "The Imperial Conferences, 1926-30," dealing with the Statute of Westminster, and "Interpretation of the Statute of Westminster," the last two have been recently published in periodicals in the United Kingdom. The former has been freely cited by English writers, while the latter contains a convincing plea for what may be called the historical interpretation of the Statute, which has this year been accepted by the Judicial Committee.

BETTER GOVERNMENT PERSONNEL*

A. Brady

Among recent books on different aspects of contemporary American politics and economics, *Better Government Personnel* is singularly significant. It is the report of the Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel, appointed in December, 1933, by the Social Science Research Council, to examine the problems of public personnel within the United States, and to present to the American people a programme for future action. The magnitude and importance of the commission's task is only in part suggested by the fact that nearly one-tenth of those gainfully employed in the United States are in public service, and that in 1932 they received more than one-tenth of the national income.

There is little novelty in the commission's general arguments for improvement in the personnel of the public service, but in a book designed to educate public opinion the repetition of truisms is warranted as long as a lamentable apathy exists on the question, or, even worse than apathy, a point of view such as that expressed by a past president of the United States Chamber of Commerce: "The best public servant is the worst one. . . . A thoroughly first-rate man in public service is corrosive. He eats holes in our liberties. The better he is, and the longer he stays, the greater is the danger." For its particular purpose, *Better Government Personnel* is an excellent piece of exposition, penetrating usually to the central sinews of the subject, and readable and understandable by the man on the street.

The commission emphasizes that its recommendations can be carried into effect without cumbrous constitutional amendments. But it fails, perhaps, to recognize sufficiently that the suggested methods of recruiting public servants of the first calibre imply changes, scarcely less difficult to effect than constitutional amendments, in the character of political parties. We know too well that traditionally in Canada and the United States the composite parties, subject to varied centrifugal influences, have been held together not a little by the greed for spoils, especially secure and comfortable jobs on the public pay-roll. Party patronage has been the lubricant

**Better Government Personnel: Report of the Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel*, McGraw-Hill Book Company.

of the political machine. This fact is not, as many assume, an inevitable accompaniment of democracy, but, since it is the product of stubborn political habits in a given social environment, its transformation cannot be achieved in a night. Parties and spoils aside, the central thesis of the commission is that every significant branch of administration, local, state, and federal, should be made a "career service," which the ambitious and capable may eagerly enter in youth with the expectation of advancement to positions of honour and prestige. Such a "career service" can be firmly established in American and Canadian democratic institutions only by securing many things now hardly existing: *e.g.*, a thoroughly effective system of personnel administration in each main unit of government; such internal organization within the service as will insure a ladder for the young and capable to climb from the bottom to posts at the top, the sole basis for advancement being capacity as demonstrated by previous performance; the elimination of dead wood where necessary by a system of demotions and discharges, essential to maintain the public esteem of any career; the rigorous insistence upon a probationary period in the employment of all public servants; the encouragement of civil service associations, designed to promote high professional standards within the services, and especially to exchange information with the public employees of other jurisdictions and to co-operate with them in the nation-wide development of service standards.

It is almost needless to say that *Better Government Personnel* can be read as profitably in Canada as in the United States, for in this country similar problems of personnel administration exist, although it is fair to say that Canadian administration has been less bedevilled by political bosses and the excessive use of the elective method in the choice of numerous officials from dog-catcher to judge. Consider how inadequately the idea of a career in the public service has been developed in Canada. Viewing the federal service alone, it cannot be said that there is within it an ever-reliable ladder for the individual of talent; political patronage still sneaks in to block occasionally the path for the ambitious and able man who would make the civil service a career. At the time of writing, much sharp criticism is heard in Ottawa of Mr. Bennett's appointment of two ex-members of parliament to deputy ministerships. In the departments in question, the Post Office and the Marine, there were two

fully tried and admired public servants who had for some years administered these departments with what appeared, to most observers at least, unquestionable efficiency. Yet these men were passed over for others who doubtless have estimable qualities but who had not made public service a career and who had no special knowledge of the departments which they were asked to administer. The Ottawa *Journal*, a Conservative newspaper and close to the administrative situation in Ottawa, remarked with commendable candour that "these appointments sin against the efficiency of the Civil Service, and sin in particular against fairness to two excellent and experienced civil servants."

The principles which should guide a prime minister in the appointment of outsiders are simple and obvious. He must in the first place feel free to bring in men from outside if he is satisfied that thereby he can genuinely strengthen the service. Since the Canadian service has not always been wisely recruited in the past, it is wisdom occasionally to inject fresh blood into the higher organs of government, provided that it is the right kind of blood. It is not at present desirable that those within the public service should feel that whatever their merits they have unchallenged title-deeds to the superior offices. A newcomer, for example, is necessary in cases where it has been demonstrated that the principal official within a department would not, as chief, secure the complete co-operation of his associates; or where he is simply unfit by temperament or intelligence to shoulder the responsibility of a deputy minister's office, however competent as an assistant. Mr. Bennett himself during the last five years has made appointments of men from outside to which there could be no valid objection; on the contrary for which there was very proper praise. But while responsible government requires that the prime minister should be free to exercise such a choice, efficient government insistently demands that party expediency, in the inferior sense of the term, should not be the basis for the appointment of outsiders; the sole basis should be the possession by those appointed of distinguished and undoubted capacity for the position. And ordinarily the office of deputy minister should be viewed as one to which the active and able men within a department may aspire.

In the two cases cited above, the Ottawa *Journal* suggested that party expediency dictated the action of the prime minister. The present writer is in no position to verify the charge. It may be that

Mr. Bennett, with an inside knowledge of the departments in question, believed that he had some sound reasons for his decision. If, on the contrary, as a well-informed newspaper of his own party claims, he was seeking by these appointments merely to reward party followers, the case serves to illustrate what numerous others in the past illustrate, that talent and experience are not always the sole, or even the necessary, passwords to the higher posts in Ottawa; that the interests of the public service are sacrificed to the persistent claims of a party. While such a condition prevails, it will be impossible to assure young and intelligent men that in the public service of Canada they can find careers to the achievements of which there are no barriers except their own personal deficiencies.

Besides the elimination of party spoils, there are sundry things to be done to make public service attractive. The general suggestions in *Better Government Personnel* are applicable to Canadian conditions in more or less degree. Of cardinal importance is the development of an effective mechanism of personnel administration, which means not merely a Civil Service Commission, with a somewhat larger staff than the present commission in Ottawa, but more discriminating attention to the aspect of personnel management within the large departments. In the provinces there is an even more obvious need for consideration of personnel matters, for in most cases the provinces have hitherto made little serious attempt to grapple with the question, although the opportunity is great for co-operation between the provinces and municipalities in developing such standards of entrance and such maintenance of conditions as will secure the basic elements of a professional public service. It is not, for example, chimerical to look forward in such a province as Ontario, with its many cities and large government departments, to a class of professional civil servants who, after distinct success in given cities, might be promoted to administrative positions in larger communities or to departments of the provincial government, thus demonstrating that they belonged to a genuine profession within which status was determined by performance alone. Anything of this character is, of course, impossible without, among other things, a central agency to promote professional standards within the municipal and provincial services, and such an agency is not likely to emerge until there is a public opinion powerful enough to insist on it. But there is an obvious difficulty in increasing public interest in these matters. The electorate wants government to do much

for it; its interest rarely extends so far as the instrument whereby the task is to be performed. Political parties are concerned with general wares for quick sale, and the mobilization of the finest intelligence in the civil service is not quickly saleable to an electorate which usually feels itself to be supremely intelligent without the need of a bureaucratic mentor. In democracies improvements in the public service come mainly from the vigorous interest of a minority, especially statesmanlike leaders who are in the position to take action and are strong enough to defy the spoilsmen. Such has been principally the case in Great Britain and the United States, and Canada has not been without such men, from George E. Casey in the federal parliament of the seventies to Sir Robert Borden in the first two decades of the twentieth century. The scope for achievement in the administrative phases of Canadian government remains great, and the political leaders deeply interested are few.